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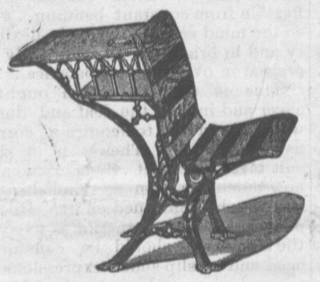
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The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME IX. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 19, 1880. NUMBER 34.

POETRY.

Only Thinking.

BY LINA LINWOOD.

Only thinking—sadly thinking
Of the gold that was but clay;
Of the castle I had builded,
That the floods have swept away;
Of the treasure I had gathered,
But to find it gilded dust,
And to see it perish, eaten
By the canker and the rust.

Only thinking of the sunlight,
That but for a moment beamed;
Of the angel's wings that o'er me
But for one short moment gleamed;
Of the day that, broken hearted,
Sank 'mid tears behind a cloud;
Of the night that wrapped around her
Dark oblivious gloomy shroud.

Only thinking—gladly thinking
Of the gold undimmed and pure;
Of the mansion God hath builded
On the holy hill secure;
Of the treasure vast—exhaustless,
That grows richer every day,
In the treasury of heaven,
That no rust can wear away!

Only thinking of the sunlight,
What no cloud can ever dim;
Of the pinion that shall bear me
Far above the world of sin;
Of the day that there shall hail me,
With her calm and peaceful eye—
That with Life, her joyous sister,
Reigns through all eternity!

Thus it is that I am thinking—
"Only thinking"—all the time—
And my thoughts now funeral dirges,
And now festal anthems chime.
And sometimes they blend together,
As the memories of the past,
Blend in spots of light and shadow,
That upon my way are cast.

But, although a strain of sadness
Often from my life doth swell,
Crystal streams of joy and gladness,
In my heart doth ever dwell.
A shaded river sadly flowing,
Is all of my life you see—
Mortal eyes see not the jewel,
That beneath it shines for me,
But the eye of God doth watch it
With a never sleeping care—
That soft pearl of peace from heaven
That his love placed gently there!

And the sadness that they tell me
Ever lingers round my lyre
Is an intense longing—yearning
For a something nobler—higher;
For a something that can silence
All this crying of the soul—
And to which my spirit turneth
As the needle to the pole.

Thirsting—thirsting for the chalice
That but lips immortal press,
Filled from the eternal river
That immortal life doth bless—
Hungering—hungering for the manna
That the skies of heaven distill—
'Tis this water and this manna,
That can all my spirit fill,
And of this I'm ever thinking—
"Only thinking"—all the time
This is why, what earth calls sadness
From my lyre's strings doth chime.

STORY TELLER.

TRUE TO HIS OATH.

One morning, about ten years ago, the Parisian public were made aware of the fact that the confidential clerk of Monsieur Laurin, a well known banker, had absconded with nearly 1,000,000 francs. Large payments were due that day by the banker, to meet which he had been relying upon that sum. A run upon the bank followed, and that evening his name was among the list of bankrupts. Detectives had, of course, instantly been put upon the track of the absconding clerk, and, just as he was stepping upon the boat at Calais to cross the channel, he was arrested and conveyed back to Paris.

When arrested, he seemed horrified at the charge against him, and earnestly protested his innocence. This was but natural under the circumstances, and did not have the least impression upon the officers; but one thing that did puzzle them was the fact that no trace of the money he had stolen could be found. At his trial evidence against him was too strong to admit of any doubt of his guilt. The banker swore that on the previous day he had given the clerk several orders upon the treasury, amounting in all between 900,000 and 1,000,000 francs, with instructions, after getting them cashed, to return to the bank and deposit the money in the bank, of which he alone, besides the banker himself, knew the combination.

Evidence was forthcoming from the Treasury Department that he had received the money, but the evidence of the other employes was definite that he had not returned to the bank during banking hours, while the janitor was confident that he had not afterward. This, taken altogether, and added to the fact of his sudden flight, seemed conclusive to the Judges that he was guilty. The prisoner's defence took the form of an accusation against his employer. He acknowledged having received the orders, and also getting them cashed, but denied that he had been told to deposit the amount in the bank vault. Instead, he averred the banker had told him to retain the money in his possession until evening, when he was to admit himself with a key the banker gave him to his house, and deliver the money into his own hands. This the prisoner declared he had done, when the banker, unlocking a drawer in the desk at which he sat, took out a large envelope, and told the clerk to address it to a well known banking firm in Leadenhall street, London.

Having done as he was desired, his employer took a folded paper from the drawer, and placed it in the envelope, sealed it securely and gave it into his hands, telling him that he wished him at once to start for London and deliver it to the firm to which it was addressed, and receive in return some securities of value lying in their hands. As he had, on more than one former occasion been thus sent on similar secret missions by his employer, he thought there was nothing strange in the request, and, setting out in less than an hour, had traveled all night to Calais, arriving there just in time to catch the boat, when he was arrested and brought back to Paris, charged with a crime of which he had never dreamed.

The officers testified to having found the envelope upon him, directed as he had stated; but, on opening it, the enclosure was found to contain nothing more than several sheets of blank paper. His story, though told with the earnestness of truth and conscious innocence, seemed so wildly far-fetched and improbable that it only influenced the Judges still more strongly in the belief of his guilt. To be sure, the main proof against him was the banker's word, but the whole chain of circumstances also favored his assertions. Where or how the clerk had hidden the money was certainly an unexplained mystery, but the supposition was natural that he had laid his plans well beforehand, and made arrangements that it would still be secure in case he was arrested before he could make good his escape. Weighing the evidence carefully, though not perhaps without taking into account the high social standing the banker had always occupied, the Judges pronounced the clerk as guilty, and sentenced him to the galleys for a term of twenty years.

When the prisoner heard this doom, to which even death would have been preferable, his head fell upon his breast, and an unrestrainable wail of agony broke from his lips. The following day he was sent to the galleys at Tolouse. Four years passed away, during which time the banker had resumed his business, and had reached an even higher social position than he had occupied before. His only child, a daughter of more than ordinary beauty and sweetness of disposition, had blossomed into womanhood. The wealthy young Marquis de Beaunois was smitten by her charms, and ambitious hopes were entering the banker's mind that through her he might even enter a higher grade of society, and become associated with the nobility. He could now afford to laugh at the threat of vengeance uttered four years ago by a convict whose riveted chains were clanking in the galleys at Toulouse. He did not even know if he were alive or dead.

Had any one told him, or had he happened to read, that one of those galley slaves, who was not even allowed a name, but was known as 411, had escaped, it would have passed out of his mind at once. Convicts often escape—it was nothing to him.

Time still passed on, and the date of the wedding of the banker's daughter with the young nobleman was fixed to take place with an elegance that was to surpass all former bridals of the season. All Paris knew of it, and one may judge of the sensation when, on the night before the wedding, the banker's house was broken into and not only the valuables taken, but the bride herself carried away. A large reward was offered, but in vain; and the most earnest efforts of the whole detective force were fruitless to discover the slightest clue as to the perpetrators of this bold outrage. The days went by and grew into weeks, and still no tidings of the missing girl could be found, and the banker's form grew bent, and his face hollow and careworn from anxiety and grief. The whole affection of his life had been wrapped up in this girl.

Late one night, after more than two weeks had passed, as he was seated in his library in conversation with one of the detectives engaged in the fruitless search, a note was brought to him.

"I must see you at once," was written in a large, sprawling hand. "I can give you tidings of your daughter."

Almost overcome with emotion, the banker gave orders for the bearer to be admitted, while the detective arose quietly and took his position behind the curtain of the window. Scarcely had he done so, when the servant opened the door and admitted a man who, though flashily dressed, carried in his face and manner the unmistakable stamp of the lowest criminal class. The banker sprung from his chair, his face flushed with glad expectation, to meet him.

"You bring me news of my daughter?" he cried, eagerly.

"Yes," the man answered; "that's what I came for."

"And where is she? Is she well? Tell me quickly and relieve my suspense."

"I was here before, the night he did this little job," the man went on in a stolid sort of way, as if he was repeating a set speech and ignoring the other's excited questions. "There were six of us in besides the Captain. We six had all the swag. All the Captain wanted for his share was the girl; and, while we were gathering up the articles, he took her in his arms and walked off."

"And where is she now? I will give any amount—my whole fortune—to have her restored to me!"

"None of us knew where he took her until to-night. He sent for me to come and fetch you to him."

"Let us not loose a moment, then," the banker exclaimed, eagerly. "I am ready this instant."

The detective came from his hiding place behind the curtain.

"I will accompany you," he said.

"Ah!" said the man, coolly surveying him, "you're a detective. But it don't matter. The Captain said he wasn't particular if the whole force came."

"Lead the way, then. We are ready," the officer answered.

The man lead the way out of the house and along the streets for a distance of nearly half a mile, until at length they reached one of the lowest quarters of the town, down by the river. Knocking at the door of an old, half-ruinous house, whose rear windows overlooked the stream, the guide gave some password to an old woman who answered the door, and then led the way up several flights of stairs, that creaked and groaned at every step, as if they would fall beneath their feet. Arriving at the top floor, the man knocked three times on a door at the head of the stairway. A voice answered, bidding them enter, and, doing so, they found themselves in a small, low-ceilinged room, one corner of which was partitioned off by a dingy curtain, and before the fireless grate a man was standing with folded arms. As they entered, a look of almost fiendish triumph lighted up his face, and he advanced to the banker.

"Monsieur Laurin," he said in a cold, measured tone, "do you recognize me?"

The banker started back, with an expression of dismay.

"Paul Favarge!" he gasped.

"Yes," the other answered, "Paul Favarge—the clerk, who, to further your own gasping aims, you consigned to a fate worse than death, and who swore to be revenged. The time has come. I will restore your daughter to you, but it is upon one condition, and one alone. If you refuse, you and she both die."

He waved his hand as he spoke, and, before they were aware of it, a man stood, one on each side of the banker and the detective, with a pistol levelled at their heads.

"You see you are in my power," said the other. "The condition that I require of you is that you confess you fabricated the story that sent me to the galleys, that you might secure the money yourself."

An agony of irresolution was visible on the banker's face, but he was silent.

"If you do not decide before I have counted three, you die."

Still the banker was silent.

"One—two——"

"Yes," the banker almost shrieked, "I confess it all. You were innocent, and I the guilty one. Are you not satisfied now with your revenge? If you have any human pity left, let me see my daughter."

"I have none," the other answered, "but you shall have your wish."

He drew aside the dingy curtain as he spoke, and the banker saw a pallid form lying upon a narrow pallet, but so wasted and attenuated that in the features he could hardly recognize those of his daughter.

"My God!" he wailed, "she is dead."

"Yes, she is dead," the other answered, in the same fiendishly dispassionate tone. "Would you know how she met her death? Upon your soul is the sin, for it was you who made me the fiend I am. She starved to death."

The unhappy father sank upon the floor as if struck by a bullet. "Let your revenge be complete, and kill me also," he wailed.

"No," the other answered with a fiendish laugh; "it is I who die. My vengeance would not be complete if you did not live. Officer," he added, turning to the detective, "this man is by his own confession your prisoner; arrest him. My hand know of my resolve, and I have arranged it all. My mission on earth is accomplished now, and life is unendurable to me."

As he spoke he placed the muzzle of a pistol to his forehead, and, pressing the trigger, fell to the floor a corpse.

The detective turned to arrest the banker, but started back with an exclamation of horrified surprise. The muscles of the banker's face were twitching in a convulsive sort of way, until suddenly, he burst into a peal of terrible, joyous laughter. He had become a raving maniac, and the convict's terrible vengeance was, indeed, complete.

Horse-Racing in England.

That horse-racing, largely fed by the gambling element, to which it is on all sides exposed, is increasing to an uncalled-for extent, becomes apparent from the turf statistics of 1879, although they are not in some respects as heavy as those of some preceding years, several of the more abject gate meetings having been abandoned. It appears, however, that from February to November inclusive, a meeting held in January also being taken into account, there were held 271 race meetings of all kinds. The number of stakes raced for were 2,920, and the meetings occupied in all 478 days of racing. The horses contending for the various prizes numbered 17,446, the same animal, however, taking part in many of the contests. In the two kinds of racing, flat racing and steeple-chasing, probably 2,500 different horses would run; one horse ran thirty times in the course of the season, and many of the competitors on from five to sixteen occasions. The value of the stake, raced for in 1879, including cups and plates, was not far short of a half a million sterling, the largest amount paid at any meeting being at Ascot, where the stakes in money reached the handsome sum of £26,617. The most valuable race of the year was the Derby, which exceeded by a trifling amount the sum of £7,000, consisting of the money paid by the namers or owners of the horses.

In the matter of the larger stakes the racing of 1879 gave to sixteen noblemen and gentlemen the chief profits, the total sum of their winnings being £166,463, or about a third part of the half-million sterling which has been mentioned. The largest amount won by any one of these gentlemen—the result of twenty-nine races—was £26, 366, the lowest amount being £5,092. No winning account of less than £5,000 is included in the above computation, although there were probably three hundred winners of sums varying from five thousand to fifty pounds. As regards the highest of the above amounts, it has been exceeded, we may state, in some previous years; the largest winner in 1877–8, the same nobleman in both years, pocketing £34,378, and £37,378 respectively, whilst the value of the stakes won by him in 1879 was £23,528, and in the five years from 1875 to 1879 his total earnings amounted to £126,799. These sums represent the greater prizes of the turf. In thirty-five races in 1879 the stakes were over £1,000, in eleven the sums gained were over £2,000, and in three races over £6,000.

The number of horses engaged in flat racing only in 1879 was 2,113, each of which, as has been already stated, ran one or more times; the value of the stakes is represented at £389,699 being less than the amount previously given, which includes stakes for steeplechasing. It can also be ascertained from the Calender that the produce of 2,995 brood mares in 1879 added 1,855 youngsters to the racing stock of the country. The number of races run on the flat during the last five years has been as follows:—In 1875, 1,909; 1876, 1,907; 1877, 1,639; 1878, 1,699; 1879, 1626; showing a considerable decrease since 1875.

No means exist by which the figures of turf gambling can be ascertained with any approach to perfect accuracy, but guesses of the extent to which the "speculation" is carried on have been frequently hazarded. It has, for instance, been stated that a million sterling will change hands every year on the race-course alone on half a dozen of the classic races, including the Two Thousand Guineas, Derby Stakes, the Oaks, and the St. Leger.—*Edinburgh Review.*

Elegant sun-shades to match the toilets this season.

Spanish lace has been revived for millinery purposes.

Pongee silks and cashmeres are never out of fashion.

Shoulder kerchiefs of a large size will be very fashionable.

Spotted materials are affected by leaders of fashion.

Handkerchief dresses will be worn again this season.

Cloth in gold in all colors is used for millinery purposes.

All kinds of wash goods are made up with a great deal of shirring.

Tuscan straw folding-fans, in circular shapes, are very fashionable.

A glint of red appears on almost every toilet that is not mourning.

Long-handled Japanese fans are more in vogue than folding fans.

AN ARTIST'S ROMANCE.

The Love of a Spanish Maiden of High Degree.

A LADY WHO LEARNED THE DEAF AND DUMB ALPHABET IN CHILDHOOD, AND WHAT IT FINALLY LED TO.

[*From the San Francisco Chronicle.*]

San Francisco society is just now honored by the presence of a lady whose history is of more than ordinary interest. She is notable, not only on account of being the wife of the celebrated American artist. H. Humphrey Moore, but for her beauty, intelligence and high family connections. A brief sketch of her life cannot but prove interesting to the rerders of the *Chronicle*. Isabella de Cistue, the subjects of this sketch, was born in Saragossa some twenty years ago, of purely Castilian parents. Her father was Colonel Cistue, one of the sons of Baron de la Menglena, who belonged to one of the most aristocratic families of Spain; and her grandmother held the high position of a lady of honor to the beautiful and powerful Queen Maria Louisa, so fondly remembered by the Spainards. She is also a cousin by marriage to the ex-Queen Isabella, two of her cousins having married the two brothers of that royal personage. Senorita De Cistue was sent at an early age to the College of Loretto, in Madrid, were she received a finished and brilliant education, graduating before she was 16 years of age, becoming

PROFICIENT IN THREE LANGUAGES

and a though mistress of the piano, harp and guitar. When Isabella was but a girl 5 years old, she met a child of her own age who was deaf and dumb, but who was well learned in the mute language. The two children formed a strong attachment for each other, and Isabella begged that she might be taught to converse with her little friend. About this time her eldest brother came home from College on a long vacation, bringing with him a friend of his, a handsome young Spaniard of about 17 years of age with the title of Marquis. This young nobleman was also deaf and dumb, and from him the little Isabella learned to converse with her fingers, and subsequently became the constant friend and protector, in her childish way, of her dumb little playmate. Time passed on; the heroine of this sketch grew to be a lovely young lady of the true Moorish type of beauty. Her coal-black hair beautifully flashing black eyes and clear rich olive complexion became a theme for the poet and the painter in Granada where she resided, after having left school in Madrid. A favorite walk of hers was through the gardens of Alhambra, where many an hour was passed chaperoned by some of her family, but generally by her grandmother, then no longer the handsome maid of honor. One day, as the two ladies were walking in a secluded but most romantic part of the garden, they suddenly came upon a gentleman of about twenty-four years of age, of medium height, rather florid complexion, large, soft and

SPARKLING BLUE EYES,

light auburn hair and delicately shaped moustache. He was sketching what afterwards became a fine work of art, known as "View of Granada." Upon the approach of the ladies, the artist arose and handed to the dazzling young Spanish beauty her handkerchief, which had fallen from her hand. Their eyes met. She passed on and the artist resumed his work. Upon several subsequent days they accidentally met. The artist was less attentive to his work, and a Spanish nobleman who had been a suitor for the hand of the young senorita received less encouragement. About a month after the first meeting in the garden, while the artist was pacing up and down in his studio, a gentleman friend named De Castillo called upon him. To him the artist unbosomed himself. He declared he could do no more work until he had painted a picture of the lady whose appearance had so strongly affected him. Then taking De Castillo's arm they went out and wandered to the Alhambra Gardens. There he again saw the object of his infatuation. She was conversing in the deaf and dumb language with the Spanish Marquis who had taught her the hand manual years back when she was a child. De Castillo, knowing the Marquis, introduced him to the artist, and the Marquis then presented his companions, who were Isabella and and her grandmother. Much to Isabella's surprise she discovered that the handsome young artist was

DEAF AND DUMB.

And then she found greater happiness in the use of the dumb language than she had ever before experienced. To his earnest solicitations she sat for a portrait, which she now has in her possession, and though titled suitors sought her hand, and she was even invited to become Maid of Honor to the then reigning Queen Isabella, she cheerfully renounced all this pomp and brilliancy and bestowed her heart and hand on the deaf and dumb American artist. H. Humphrey Moore is well known in San Francisco, where he lived from early childhood up to 1865, at which time his father, who will be remembered in the firm of Moore & Folger, died. He was 21 years of age when his mother, who is now living in this city, accompanied him to Europe, where for three years he labored hard at his profession in the studio of the greatest figure-painter in France—Gerome. It was while in Granada that he met with Fortuny, whose style of work is followed by him. Mr. Moore's name was forcibly brought to the minds of his California friends some two years since when he sent to this coast on exhibition his celebrated work, "Almeh, the Eastern Dancing Girl." Mrs. Moore is devoted to her husband and proud of his talents. She is his constant companion in his studio, and day after day, in winter and summer, whatever else may claim her attention, from 4 to 6 o'clock she devotes to a study of his canvases and the work of her husband's brush during the day.

In San Francisco, as well as all over the world where they have traveled, this interesting and happy couple have been received in the very best and brilliant society, and they will long be remembered here after they have bid California adieu.

Mr. and Mrs. Moore are only in the city for a short time. They will leave here for Europe about the 1st of October, stopping a few weeks in New York City.

MASSACHUSETTS.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I am visiting a good old friend and a classmate of mine, Mrs. Whittlesey, formerly Helen Stebbins, in Deerfield. We both have been on good terms for thirty-five years. Mr. and Mrs. Whittlesey are nice and respectable people, and are comfortably and pleasantly situated. They gave me many lovely rides, and showed me their nice farm. I can say that the country, mountains and scenery are very much admired. I had the pleasure of meeting Emma Robbins of West Deerfield, who has has not seen me for thirty years. I expect to go back to Boston soon with my nephew Gilbert, Mr. Holmes' oldest boy, who has enjoyed himself in the beautlful country. I have enjoyed my visit very much indeed, and shall highly appreciate Mr. and Mrs. Whittlesey's kind hospitality.

Yours respectfully,
MRS. I. S. WHEELER.

New Albany Items.

Hot weather here.

Streets are dusty.

Wheat crop is excellent.

Peaches are plenty in this vicinity.

Yesterday, wheat was threshed on the farm of Mrs. Mary Lee, the mother of Mr. Robert D. Lee. Bob is happy now.

The M. E. Camp Meeting is being held at Sugar Grove, twelve miles down on the Ohio River. It will close to-morrow. Mr. Nat. P. Morrow was down there the other day. While there, he slipped in cream with many girls. Why, Harry, have you not been down to have such a splendid time as Field had?

Miss Annie L. Hartshorn's brother Jim, recently bought a new organ. Annie is glad in the prospect of learning to play on it. Some time ago, a birthday party was given at her home. Towards its close, the guests being out in the yard to cool themselves, Annie proceeded to play on the organ, which attracted the attention of the guests. Upon entering the room and finding Annie seated at the instrument, they expressed much surprise and congratulated her.

Misses Maggie Fella and Annie Pierce will go over to the National Deaf-Mute Convention. Perhaps they will succeed in capturing the hearts of some of those "Yankees."

College fellows, where is that unrivalled moustache that once belonged to "Hoe?" Oh, it is shaved off. He was paid a dime—the smallest sum of money for the most unsurpassed moustache—for the same.

Why, Charley, are you going to vote for Garfield? For Ida's sake? This will do no good.

HASHTUB.

August 8, '80.

Michigan Plums.

Dexter.

Hotter than ever.

How do you enjoy yourself, Miss "Mignon?"

A booby at the Re-union on Grosse Island, July 5th, sold lemonade.

The crops in this section will be very heavy this season. We had a splendid ride through the country last week, and enjoyed ourselves greatly.

John Brooks, in sending in his usual newsy epistle to the JOURNAL, says: "If the firm of 'Sly & Co.' had been at the Re-union in Detroit, he would have had a chance to get 'spliced.'" Well, then, we were there and did not get spliced, either; nor did we see any thing of that "beauty." Believing that you are a married man, Mr. Brooks, we would advise you to let flirtations alone.

SLY & Co.

All sorts of muslin, silk and foulard and shoulder kerchiefs are worn.

Grenadines appear this season with velvet or satin brocade ball spots.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUG. 19, 1880.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 162d Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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Miss Angie Fuller's rather sarcastic and rather absurd comments on the gymnasium that is being built for the boys of the National College, is so much opposed to our own way of thinking that we can not refrain from saying a little on the subject.

In the first place, the argument that constant practice in the sign-language is in itself a gymnastic exercise too violent to be indulged in with impunity, is utterly ridiculous. The fact that some of the hearing and speaking teachers of deaf-mutes show, as they advance in years, diminished vitality, which can be ascribed to using signs constantly, is a very unlogical inference. It is not the sign-language that sucks the vitality from our pedagogues, but the constant worry. The same is the case with teachers in our common schools.

The use of the sign-language may develop the muscles of the arms, but there is very little other physical benefit to be derived from it, and assuredly no physical harm. As to the diseases which caused deafness having a hold on the system and demanding a quiet, gentle exercise only to insure bodily health, we will relate our own experience. About seven years ago, only a few months after becoming deaf, we became a member of the Young Men's Christian Association, attached to whose rooms in 23d Street and 4th Avenue, New York City, is a first-class gymnasium. Here, while we had not yet recovered from that dread disease, *cerebro-spinal-meningitis*, we were put through a systematic course of gymnastic training for about three years, and to that training we ascribe our health and strength of today. When we first began to exercise, we could not walk in a straight line in broad daylight, but now, thanks to gymnastics, we venture to say that few semi-mutes can maintain their equilibrium with as much ease under all circumstances.

The extract from the *Silent World* practically refutes what the writer attempts to prove. The very fact that Hanlan is an "all around man" is to be attributed to a variety of exercises, which is one of the advantages which the gymnasium will afford. The pre supposition that the swimming bath will be filled with stagnant water which will swish around the slimy sides, clearly shows a one-sidedness which subjects reason to prejudice. We have not read what the *Letter* has said on the subject, but believe their opinion will not differ, to any great extent from our own. In conclusion, although we would be glad to see a college established for our silent sisters, we are of the opinion that much good will come from the gymnasium, and while condoling with the latter, we congratulate the boys on their good fortune.

J. N. Williams, of Jackson, Mich., who was lately associated with the editor of the *Silent People*, in his letter to the *Advance*, shows that he is a mean and contemptible scoundrel. The secrets or standing of the *Silent People* should have been regarded as a sacred trust, since they came to his knowledge while working in an official capacity. There is no excuse for betraying on official trust, and Mr. Williams, in writing what was calculated to injure his late partner, by making known the private affairs of his paper, is guilty of an act which will call down upon him the well-merited obloquy and scorn of the fair minded and intelligent deaf and dumb.

We draw attention to the article in another column, entitled "Mind *vs.* Matter," from the pen of "Howard Glyndon." The author, as most of our readers are aware, is a semi-mute lady of rare literary talents, whose poetical effusions may be met with in the *Atlantic Monthly* and other popular magazines of the day. We have read a little volume of her poems which has been published, entitled "Sweet Bells Jangled," and can recommend it to that portion of our readers who can understand and appreciate good poetry. One of her finest poems, "Ten Years of Silence," is, no doubt, familiar to a great many deaf-mutes. It was, we believe, first published in the now defunct *Silent World*, and is one of the most fascinating, and at the same time, one of the most saddening poems which a semi-mute can read.

NOTICES.

The Rev. Job Turner expects to hold services at Baltimore, Md., Sunday, August 22d; Parkersburg, W. Va., Sunday, August 29th; probably Clarksburg. W. Va., Wednesday, September 1st, and New York, Sunday, September, 5th. After which he will be present at the meeting of the New England Gallaudet Association, which is to meet in Boston, Monday, September 6th. After its adjournment, he will hold services again in various places in New England and Canada till the middle of October, as the way may providentially open. Then he will go south for the Winter and Spring.

Sunday Services for the deaf-mutes in Worcester, Mass., will be held on the following dates:—June, 27th, July, 25th, *August, 1st, August, 22d, *August, 29th, September, 26th, *October, 3d, October 24th, *October 31st, November 28th, *December 5th, December 26th.

☞ Services will be held on the dates marked with a star only when the preceding Sunday has been rainy.

Will those deaf persons who are proficient in articulation and lip-reading, and who use this method habitually in their intercourse with hearing people, please send their name and address to Miss Myra E. Alden, Dixmont, Maine. She wishes to communicate with them on a matter of importance.

Rev. John Chamberlain and Rev. A. W. Mann, will conduct a service for deaf-mutes at St. Paul's Church, 4th street, Cincinnati, Ohio, on Wednesday evening, August 25th. Holy Communion next morning at 7 o'clock.

The monthly services for deaf-mutes in St. Ann's Chapel, Brooklyn, St. Andrews' Church, Harlem, and Christ Church, Williamsburg, will be suspended during August and September.

Services for deaf-mutes will be held in Whiteport, Ulster Co., N. Y., the 15th, at 3 o'clock P.M., and in St. Paul's Church, in Troy, the 29th, at 2:30 P.M. Mr. G. W. Schutt will officiate.

Services for deaf-mutes in St. Ann's Church, 18th Street, near 5th Avenue, New York City, every Sunday in August, at 3:30 P.M. On September 5th, and afterwards, at 2:45 P.M.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

Newburgh, Ind., has a deaf-mute barber.

Prof. Gordon's boy has been sick, but is now well.

William Rose, of Jersey City, is out of town until September 1st.

Mr. Ogden Budd is now employed in the Census Office, at Washington.

Any letters addressed to Station M, New York City, will reach Chester Q. Mann.

About 100 new books have been added to the Library of the Michigan Institution.

Prof. Fay's little boy is now getting well after a dangerous and long spell of sickness.

Mr. Albert Carlisle expects to attend the New England Gallaudet Association Convention.

Johnny Baars, "devil" in the JOURNAL office, has left for Bridgeport, Conn., to take his vacation. We wish him a jolly time.

For the benefit of Mr. Allabough and others, we'll say that Mr. John Diese's address is, Colorado Springs, El Paso Co., Colorado.

Fred Browning, of Byron Centre, champion rattle-snake slayer of the Empire State, has got a job at binding, and earns $2.50 per day.

Mr. Alfred Emmons, of New York City, paid his friend, Miss Jane D. Lavery, housekeeper of the New York Institution, a visit last week.

A. E. Volker, the Buffalo deaf-mute pedestrian, is now working on a farm in Canada during harvest, and says his wages are quite satisfactory in that line.

Prof. Porter of the National Deaf-Mute College, returned from the mountains of North Carolina Saturday, and has gone north visiting his relatives.

Deaf Lady—"What's his name?" Young lady—"Augustus Tyler." Deaf lady—"Bless me! what a name! 'Bust his Biler!' Eliza, you must be making fun of me."

Mr. C. M. Morse, of Bridgeport Centre, Mich., would like Mr. Samuel Lewis, who he understands is preaching and visiting among deaf-mutes, to visit him before going home.

Fully three-fourths of the male graduates of the New York Institution of this year have obtained employment, either in cities or on farms. This does not look like hard times among deaf-mutes.

Drs. Peet and Stoddard arrived in Europe Friday, August 13th, after a ten days' voyage.

James (?) Hankinson, of Astoria, L. I., has been on a two weeks vacation in the country.

Miss Gates, one of the lady supervisors of the New York Institution, has returned from her vacation.

Reports of the late census in Ostego Co., N. Y., show that there is but one deaf-mute inmate of the poor house.

The picnic of the mutes of Reading, Pa., held at Mineral Grove, on August 7th, was well attended, and proved a very enjoyable affair.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet and wife sailed for Europe Saturday, August 14th, in the steamship Britannic of the White Star Line, New York City.

Mignon speaks rather disparagingly of the dark eyes of the Southern beauties, and Mignonette wonders if her own eyes (Mignon's) are green.

Edward Dunlap has challenged Lewis Lyons to a ten mile foot race for $10 a side, the race to come off at Brooklyn, N. Y., next November.

The attendance of mutes at the Catholic services in 16th street, New York City, Sunday, August 15th, was considerably larger than that at St. Ann's.

Miss Maud Smith, of Boston, was very much delighted at receiving a visit from Mr. R. D. Livingstone in Orange, N. J. He accompanied her to Coney Island.

Mr. Steinson, a former supervisor of the New York Institution, visited the JOURNAL office last week. He is at present engaged in teaching school in Westchester Co.

Dennis Sullivan, of Haverstraw, Rockland Co., N. Y., is working in a brick-yard somewhere near his home. He says his wages are very handsome. We wish him success.

Mr. Echols, who is one of the trustees of the Georgia Institution, is stopping at the Coleman House. He is in New York in the interests of the Georgia mutes. He has a little daughter, nine years old, who is a mute.

The Michigan Institution for deaf-mutes opens on the 8th of September, and it is expected that there will be a much larger number of pupils in attendance than ever before, as a new school for the blind has been established at Lansing, in this State.

Miss Katie Shute, of Brooklyn, N. Y., a graduate of the New York Institution, is visiting with friends in Poughkeepsie, N. Y. She expects to visit the Catskill Mountains and the Highlands before her return, which will be about September 1st.

Mr. Weeks, in his letter of last week, requesting those who intend to go to the N. E. G. A. Convention, to send their names to him, referred to those who live on the line of the Boston & Albany Railroad, and a few other towns in Connecticut on the line of the New England Railroad.

Mrs. Roberts, in company with Mrs. Thomas and son and two daughters, one of whom, Rosa, will be a pupil of the New York School in the fall, visited the JOURNAL office last week. Mrs. Thomas will remain in New York until November when she will return to her home in Vicksburg, Miss.

The Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, of this city, general manager of the intellectual and spiritual interests of deaf-mutes in the United States, made an appeal to churches to take up a collection to-day for his cause. The work is important and should be well sustained by others as well as Episcopalians.—*New York Herald, August 15th.*

At a meeting of the Board of Officers of the Empire State Deaf-mute Association, held at the Temperance House, in Syracuse, on Tuesday, August 3d, our townsman, H. C. Rider, was elected a delegate to represent said association at the National Convention of Deaf-mutes in Cincinnati, August 25th.—*Mexico Independent.*

A watermelon birth-day party was tendered Daniel Henne, by the mutes of Reading, Pa., and the watermelon was relished with as much gusto by the company present, as that eaten by Dr. Tanner after his long fast. Various games were indulged in until 12 o'clock, when the party broke up, all well pleased with the evening's enjoyment.

Arthur D. Bryant, of Washington, has been staying a week at the house of his classmate, Harry White, of Boston. He was very favorably impressed with the Hub, and expressed a desire to live there always if he could. He has left for Maine, to visit Prof. Collard, his former teacher. Then he will travel around New England, calling on Frank W. Bigelow, of St. Johnsbury, Vt., on his way to the N. E. G. A. Convention, which he expects to attend.

One of our correspondents has received a tolerably correct likeness of Geo. E. Fischer. The resemblance is good, but it is not so much the features as the mind that makes Geo. E. Fischer. What a pity that we cannot have a photographic view of his versatile mind. He regrets that, on account of pressing business, he will not be able to attend the coming Convention of the N. E. G. A., but wishes it success and prosperity. If, however, he can find it convenient to come, he will gladly do so. In the meantime, he bids his friends good-bye.

It is said that Frank W. Bigelow, of St. Johnsbury, Vermont, is going to be united in the bonds of matrimony to an intelligent, pretty young lady, named Flora Ladd; if it is true, we wish them all the happiness they deserve. May the fond hopes of their many friends waft them down the sea of matrimony in quiet and calm. Mr. Bigelow studied for two or three years at the National College, and while there, proved himself a good, industrious student, and a warm hearted, popular favorite with both teachers and students. He left in order to get a situation, which he did, at Fairbank's famous scales manufactory.

The Deaf-Mute Hancock and English Campaign Club met at Faber's Hall, in East Fourth street, last evening. The club, which was organized a week ago, now numbers nearly forty members. Constant additions to the ranks are being made and before September at least one hundred names will be on its muster roll. President Farley presided and Secretary Clark recorded the minutes. Speeches in the silent language were made and only applause was heard. The slur of General Sharpe in his recent speech upon the Sixty-ninth Regiment was referred to. One of the members of the club is a son of one of the Sixty-ninth's men, and recounted the deeds of that famous fighting regiment. The next meeting of the club, when a full attendance is expected, will be held on next Wednesday evening, when prominent mutes will speak. Steps will be taken by the club to have such mutes naturalized as have not been heretofore and also to disseminate sound Democratic principles among their fellows. It is estimated that there are 25,000 deaf-mute voters in the United States.—*New York World.*

Mr. R. D. Livingstone is in New York City.

Over thirty mutes will leave for the Cincinnati Convention by way of Chicago.

Miss Nellie Franklin, teacher of the Minnesota Institution, is visiting her brother in Kansas.

Messrs. Geo. D. Connor and Fred Griffin, both of Syracuse, took a trip to Niagara Falls one day last week.

Messrs. Joseph L. Clemens and James F. O'Neil, had a jolly time all day Sunday, the 15th, in Newark, N. J., and they are determined to have a better time ere long.

Mr. R. D. Livingstone stopped at the Plankinton, in Milwaukee, on the 8th, to spend a few days, and left for Chicago, and stopped at the Palmer House four days.

Wonder who will be the leading belle at the Convention? Will one of the correspondents please inform the readers of the JOURNAL her name and from where she hails.

Mr. T. H. Jewell, teacher of the New York Institution, met Mr. R. D. Livingstone, and visited the cave. Mr. Jewell and his wife left Minneapolis for Duluth to take the boat for Buffalo recently.

Adam Milbier, of Syracuse, resigned his position in the Syracuse Chilled Plow Company, and has turned his attentions to shoemaking. He has obtained work in Nettleton & Co's. boot and shoe factory.

Willie Fosmire, of Saratoga, has just returned from a three weeks' visit with his relatives at Scotch Bush and Braman's Corners. He went to Amsterdam, and met three deaf-mutes—Mr. Brown and wife, and Miss Harrigan.

Mr. Deise, of Lock Haven, Pa., is working in a printing office at Colorado Springs, and is doing well. He expressed himself well pleased with his place. Write about your romantic adventures for the JOURNAL, Mr. Deise.

Mr. R. D. Livingstone went to Fairbault, and Prof. J. L. Noyes, Superintendent of the Minnesota Institution, extended an invitation to Mr. Livingstone to spend a day or two with his family. Mr. Livingstone enjoyed his visit very much.

It was hinted that Mr. Joe L. Clemens intends to attend the Convention of the N. E. G. A., in Boston, and if possible, catch a one hundred and fifty pound fish, which he will dress up in silk of the latest style. Look out, young unmarried ladies.

George Homer, of Boston, was drawn on a jury a few days ago, and obedient to the stern summons, he went to the Supreme Court, where the judge excused him after finding out his inability to hear, and ordered him to be paid $3.22 for his trouble. Mr. Homer would like to be drawn on a jury every day of his life.

Mr. Robert M. Ziegler, a junior at the National Deaf-Mute College, is expected to deliver a lecture at the meeting of the Philadelphia Clerc Literary Association on the first Thursday in September. A large attendance is expected. Although Mr. Ziegler's subject is unknown, yet it is expected to be very interesting.

The Picnic of the "Pennsylvania Unity Mutual Relief Society," held August 12th, was a decided success and a very enjoyable affair. Contrary to the expectations of the Society, the number of picnickers was very large. More particulars of the affair will appear in the JOURNAL soon by one of Philadelphia's prominent mutes.

Rev. Job Turner called on Messrs. Green and Howe and their families, all deaf-mutes, on the 31st ult. Mr. and Mrs. Howe had the misfortune so lose their only daughter, a very pretty baby. They had fond hopes for her future, when she was suddenly taken away by the hand of death while playing, and evidently in the best of health.

A brilliant project, having for its object, the encouragement of deaf-mute industry and skill, is now being talked of in Boston, which will be announced to the Convention of the N. E. G. A., on the 6th or 7th of September next. Nothing like it has been conceived on so grand a scale among deaf-mutes before, and its success, even at this early date, is more than assured.

Mr. R. D. Livingstone, of Denver, Colorado, reached Minneapolis, Minn., on the 2d, of August, from his tour in Nebraska, Dakota Territory, and Iowa and stopped at the Nicollett. He made a pleasant call on Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Dean. Mrs. Dean is as happy as ever. Mr. Dean is a gentleman of high culture. Mrs. Dean's mother is with her daughter now from California.

Rev. Job Turner started from Boston last (Wednesday) night for Cincinnati, Ohio, to attend the *First National Deaf-Mute Convention* which is to be held on the 25th inst. On his way, he will stop at several places for *business* and *religious purposes*, and travel *two days* through the extensive state of Virginia. He expects to reach his destination on the morning of the 25th, at 6 o'clock.

The United States Hotel, of Boston, has many good features to recommend it to those going to attend the N. E. G. A. Convention. Its rooms are large, spacious and handsomely furnished, while its bill of fare is of the best in the Hub. Parlors, large and handsomely furnished will be open to the guests of the hotel. The terms offered by the United States Hotel to those attending the convention are very good, indeed. Two persons to one room will have to pay only $2.00 each—one dollar for room and another dollar for meals, and these of the best.

Miss L. C. Gray, a graduate of Fanwood's High Class, and one of Brooklyn's leading belles, took her departure for Cincinnati, Thursday evening, August 12th, in one of the handsome sleeping cars of the Erie Railroad. She expects to enjoy herself highly at the coming National Convention, and also during her stay in that city, as she has many affectionate friends there. She does not expect to return home till after Christmas. Her mother, Mrs. E. M. Gray, M. D., accompanied by her sister Mrs. H. R Tift, and her neice, Miss May L. Tift, went to Saratoga Springs on the 10th, and intend to remain there during the remainder of the month.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet and Rev. Messrs. Chamberlain, Mann and Turner, held morning prayers in St. Ann's Church for deaf-mutes, last Saturday morning, at 9 o'clock. A fervent prayer was offered for the safety of Dr. and Mrs. Gallaudet during their protracted absence. There was a good number of deaf-mutes on the wharf to bid good-bye to the doctor and his wife, which they did by waving their handkerchiefs until the splendid steamship Brittanic was out of sight and the doctor could be seen no more. Rev. Messrs. Mann and Turner, and Prof. Lloyd were there to see the doctor off. To show their gratitude to the doctor, the inmates of the Home for Aged and Infirm deaf-mutes, went to the wharf in a body to see their philanthropic friend off.

Martin Cullinan is assistant foreman in the shoe shop of C. B. Viault, Arlington, Vt.

Mr. Chauncey N. Brainerd, Steward of the New York Institution, is spending his vacation in Elmira, N. Y.

Mr. James Fisher, who has been spending his vacation in Sandwich, Mass., started for home in Cave Spring, Ga., on the 17th.

A correspondent says: We are quite right in guessing that "Hieronymus" was using his best efforts to catch "Mignon."

A. Capelli, of the JOURNAL Office, received a handsome present, by letter, from his friend C. D. Edmonston, of Moodna, Orange Co., N. Y.

Harry White will leave for the Cincinnati Convention on Sunday evening next, by the Erie Railroad and expects to be joined on his way by his classmate, J. J. Sansom and others.

Dr. E. M. Gallaudet, President of the National Deaf-Mute College, was taken ill in London, England, on the 1st of August, but expected to be all right again before long.

An article on the Deaf-Mute College, concerning the question of admitting mute ladies instead of mute negroes has been crowded out this week, but will appear in our next issue.

Mr. Joe Clemens, formerly night-watchman of the New York Institution, but now of Trenton, N. J., expects to start for Minnesota in a few days, where he will remain for the remainder of his life.

Mr. Albert C. Hargrave left Bangor, Me., on Tuesday last, intending to stop at Frankfort for a day or so, and to reach Boston on Friday, 20th. He has gained fifteen pounds in weight during his trip.

The Boston *Evening Traveller*, of August 9th, stated that Boston philanthropists will establish a school for deaf-mutes on the E. L. Hill Estate, in Danvers, Mass., and have leased it for the purpose.

On August 10th, Mrs. H. C. Rider and Mrs. Grace J. Chandler went to the Thousand Islands, where they are to meet their children, who have been spending several weeks there.—*Mexico Independent.*

W. A. Beckett, a former pupil of the New York Institution, is now in Australia on a sheep farm. He has saved $500, and is earning $500 a year and his board. He wants to know about the Andiphone.

Mr. T. H. Jewell and wife, who have been spending their vacation in Minneapolis, left that city on August 10th, for Duluth, to go from thence by way of the lakes to Buffalo. From Buffalo they will proceed by rail to New York.

"Little Hands" extends thanks to "R. S." for the compliments, and is glad he has spoken out at last, but says she fears that she cannot answer affirmatively to his query, but refers him to "S. S." who will know better what to say.

Augustus Kowald, the well known deaf-mute ladies shoe-cutter, of Buffalo, has again returned to Buffalo after a brief stay among his many friends at Arcade, N. Y. He was accompanied by his young brother Frank, and James Whalen.

Harper's Magazine for September, contains the second installment of a very interesting article on "Fish and men in the Maine Islands," by W. H. Bishop—author of "Detmold,"—one of the most delightful romances published in many a day. Mr. Bishop is rusticating at Saratoga.

"Rambling Soph," has retired from the Literary field, but wishes to say to "Mignon" that it is as easy for a "Rambling Soph" to become a meandering Senior, when he is a *Hammer*, as it is for "Mignon" to be called a *miss* when she is *Robert's son.*

Mr. Quinn, of Georgia, formerly a "Prep." in the National Deaf-Mute College, recently stopped at Washington, on his way north. Business seems to have gone well with him, as he intends to come to the Cincinnati Convention after his trip to the North.

Mr. Edgar H. Richards, from Philadephia, is visiting his wife and only daughter at Reading, Pa., and will remain with them all summer. His wife looks younger than usual, and his daughter will attend the High school next Fall. Mr. H. E. was surprised to see Mr. and Mrs. Richards looking so happy.

Lizzie A. Stevens is getting to like her work for the Gardner, Little Co., and hopes to stick. She wants a vacation, but dares not ask for one now, as she will have hers Christmas. She steals a day or so occasionally and is off to Worcester to spend the time with her fast friend "Ella"—as their separation is unendurable.

The Boston *Traveller* of August 12th, says:—Two brothers, named James and Joseph Finnegan, got into a row in the city, during the melee Joseph, who is a deaf-mute, stabbed James with the blade of a pocket knife and cut a gash over the left eye. James retaliated by striking Joseph on the head with a bar of solder, inflicting severe wounds.

Misses Lizzie Laird and Jessie Sawhill, in company with Mr. Andy Donaldson, of Washington Co., made a very pleasant call on Mrs. and Mr. Smith of Raccoontown, Pa., one day last week. They remained three days at Mr. Smith's house, and though desirous of prolonging their stay, were obliged to leave to keep an appointment in a town several miles distant.

Previous to the arrest for non-payment of board bill of Adam Milbier, of Syracuse, N. Y. he had a promise of employment from a rival plow factory, and had tendered his resignation to the one he was then working for. Upon his release from prison, he was informed by the firm who had promised to give him work that his services were not required. He then endeavored to get reinstated in his old place, but was unsuccessful. Misfortunes never come singly, Adam.

What we said in reference to the election of Dr. De Motte to the Superintendency of the Iowa Deaf and Dumb Institution was true, but we have since ascertained that he was also, and nearly at the same time, asked to take charge of the Kansas Deaf and Dumb Institution, located at Olathe. After a visit to both places he has decided in favor of Kansas, and will leave for his new home in a few days.—Jacksonville (Ill.) *Daily Journal.*

Mr. E. J. Hallicy, head supervisor of the New York Institution, tendered his resignation, which is to take effect about September 1st, last week. He has received a more remunerative position in a Syracuse plow factory. Mr. Hallicy has been employed at the Institution for over two years, and has kept up a system of discipline which reflects great credit upon him, and which has been fraught with beneficial results. He has won many friends by his lively and genial disposition, and his resignation will be universally regretted.

Josie & Josephine Abroad.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I think my last budget left me somewhere in the interior of the State. Since writing my last to the JOURNAL I have been visiting too many places to mention in one brief letter, so I will pass them by and stop a few hours in the pleasant little village of Camden.

The coast of Maine abounds with beautiful summer resorts. Prominent among them is the little village above mentioned, noted for its fine hotels, beautiful drives, mountain and ocean scenery. It is the home of a number of mutes, B. H. Alden and wife, Mr. Prince, Mrs. Mills *nee* Prince, who married a hearing man, quite intelligent and well-to-do, and old Mrs. Shepherd, who also has a hearing husband. One short stay in Camden was made very pleasant by the kind attentions of B. H. B. Alden and his amiable wife, who, together with our escort from Rockland, (Albert Bowler) were unremitting in their kind attentions and were determined that we should see all that was worth seeing. After a most excellent dinner prepared by Mrs. A's own hand, and to which full justice was done, Mr. A. harnessed up and took the scribe to call on Mrs. Mills, one of our schoolmates at old Hartford, where we made a pleasant stay of half an hour. At the end of that time we left and took a ride through the village, noting its neat and well kept appearance. Passing through we were soon on the mountain road which winds around the foot of Camden mountain. An immense rock covered with blue berry bushes and other low shrubs. Mr. Alden pointed out to us where the mountain had been entirely denuded of vegetation by an explosion of the powder mills, situated on the stream below. The whole face of the mountain being blackened by the powder. After a pleasant drive in another road we returned to Mr. Alden's house, where another hour was spent in viewing his property and enjoying the ocean scenery visible from the hill in the rear of his residence. Evening coming on we were reluctantly obliged to take our leave, which we did with a cordial invitation from host and hostess to come again.

Boarding our team, "old whitey's" head was turned Rockland-ward and went jogging along at a respectable rate of speed, considering her infirmaties. But the sunset found us at our stopping place. A few days spent pleasantly at Rockland, and we were obliged to take our departure, which we cannot here do without returning our thanks to our beau, (Albert Bowler Esq.), who we found a very pleasant and entertaining companion, and who, but for the mortgage that our dear handsome Harry has on our *Virgin* affections, we might have been induced to take the advantage leap year gives us ladies, but as it was, we left him to the tender mercies of a certain young lady. May he be speedily put out of his misery, is our sincere wish.

One bright sunny morning found us aboard the cars for Thomaston, where we remained over one train to call on the Rev. C. H. Pope, formerly of California, and an old friend of Prof. Wilkinson of the California Institution (who will doubtless be pleased to learn that his old friend is pastor in one of the pleasantest villages of Maine). There are four mutes in Thomaston. Mrs. Woodcock, who has passed only one year at school at Hartford, and was then obliged to leave owing to the death of her parents. She has a hearing husband and they both are passing down the shady side of life. Miss Oriana Pope and Miss Katherine Rivers (formerly of Texas) are pupils at Hartford. But tide and train wait for no one, and we were again speeding along behind the iron horse towards Warren. Remaining there over night with a favorite uncle, the next morning found us behind a speedy horse, bound for Appleton to visit an old friend for a few hours. A pleasant ride was that, barring the intense heat.

In company with our friend, we called on Miss Nellie Chapman, of Appleton, who we found as lovable and engaging as ever, and dame rumor hath it that more than one young man thinketh the same.

A week more was spent in different places, many too insignificant to notice. The end of the week found us in the pleasant little village of Hodgons Mills, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Reed. Mrs. R. being the sister of Charles Farnham, the tallest and oldest pupil of Hartford. A couple days were spent there, and we left with regret and shall not soon forget the days or the pleasant conversation with which the time was spent. On taking our leave Mr. Farnham offered to take us up to the depot in his boat. Want of space and the fear that a description of our boat ride might cause *ye Editor* to throw these notes into the waste-basket, compelled us to leave it to the imagination of our readers, for indeed we much fear that we can not do justice to that most beautiful of the rivers of Maine, dotted as it is with numerous islands and armed with such magnificent pines that can only be found in Maine, while here and there may be seen the summer residences of some of the Nabobs of New York and other large cities, who have brought all the taste and knowledge of landscape gardening to beautify their summer homes. While passing a high cliff on the river bank, Mr. Farnham pointed out a place where a raftsman in earlier days met his death by the whole raft of logs he was helping send down the cliff to the water below suddenly starting and he was carried down with them to the beach below, mangled beyond all resemblance to mankind. Saddened by the story, the remainder of our journey was passed in silence until we reached the wharf, then the good-byes were said and we were *en route* for Union, in which pleasant little town we were writing these chronicles. Domiciled in ye Ancient hostelry, ye Boston House. Erected A.D. 1800. Remodeled, 1870.

And now, kind reader, having reached our stopping place, we will say *farewell* for the present, and dropping our *nom de plume* will sink into every-day life, contented with the renown that we have gained, if our epistles have in anyway contributed to your pleasure or gratification. Assuming nothing, but hoping much that they have been the means of giving you a little information, veiled though it may have been in floods of nonsense. Under some other name we may, at no distant day, once more appear before you.

"Josie" and "Josephine" now separate. One to settle down to humdrum life, the other to "fresh pastures new."

Avoir,

JOSIE AND JOSEPHINE.

UNION, ME., Aug. 10, 1880.

Mind *VS.* Matter.

When I went to see Laura Bridgman some years ago, I became more than ever convinced that the loss of one or even several of the senses, need not greatly interfere with the action and working of a bright and energetic mind. It really seems, from some of the examples with which the biographical annals of England and our own country have furnished us, that the ingenuous mind refuses absolutely to be "cribbed, cabined and confined," within the darkened windows of lost senses, if the least loop-hole be left as an outlook for it. It is like

"An infant crying in the night,
An infant crying for the light,"

constantly, and as constantly inventing new modes of outgrowth of expansion and expression to replace the more common ones of which it has been deprived. Nay, even as good metal is polished by constant friction, and certain materials become more flexible from constant bending, even so the mind seems to grow in flexibility and in brightness, if constantly exercised in overcoming obstacles.

This is a truth which ought to cheer and inspire the deaf and dumb, who are striving to acquire a correct use of language. Theirs is a difficult task; but let them remember how much has been accomplished in this way by continued effort. Once a proper mode of expression is fixed in the memory, it should be constantly used and no slip-shod expressions be allowed when spelling on the fingers or writing.

The sign-language is truly the mother tongue of all who learn it previous to becoming acquainted with written speech, which must then be regarded as a foreign language; for the same labor and trouble are necessary to enable a deaf-mute to acquire even a decently fair knowledge of correctly written English, as is required of a foreigner to learn our language. But let all remember that it is in their power to acquire a right use of written language and do all they can to fix the best method of expression in their minds. Once that is done, the task is comparatively easy.

The great obstacle appears to be that when the deaf and dumb have acquired the sign-language, their natural fluency in it and the ease with which they can exchange ideas, leads them to neglect the more arduous task of learning to write English correctly.

HOWARD GLYNDON.

Convention Notes

The Headquarters of the National and the Local Committees at the Gibson House!

Go to the National Convention, and be on hand at the opening at 10 o'clock A. M., August 25th, at the Bellevue House.

The Headquarters of the Local and National Committees will be at the Gibson House.

As soon as you arrive in Cincinnati and secure your rooms, call at the rooms of the Local Committee in the Gibson House, and register—in a book which will be kept for that purpose—your name and place where you are stopping in the city, so your friends will know where to find you.

The National Convention will meet at their room in the Gibson House, at eight o'clock, P. M., August 24th.

Religious services will be held by Rev. Mr. Mann, of Ohio, and Rev. Mr Chamberlain, of New York, on the evening of the 25th and morning of the 26th, for the benefit of those attending the Convention.

The names of Messrs. Emery, George and Gallagher, of Chicago, were inadvertantly omitted from the list of those who intend to be present.

The Presidents of the Wisconsin, Ohio, New York, Michigan and Chicago Deaf Mute Associations will be present at the Convention. Will the Presidents of the Clerc Literary Association, Manhattan Literary Association, Boston and New England Associations also show up?

The Convention will be called to order at 10 A.M., and don't you forget it.

Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publicity of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

"COLUMPUS."

BIG WEEK AT THE CAPITAL OF OHIO—CONSECRATION OF A BISHOP—SOLDIERS RE-UNION—PERSONAL MENTIONINGS AND CORRECTIONS.

The present week has been a memorial one in the history of the city of Columbus, and will long be remembered by her residents as an occasion of great interest.

Sunday witnessed the consecration of Dr. John A. Watterson as Bishop of the Catholic Diocese of Columbus, and the affair brought to the city thousands of people from over the State and elsewhere. In the afternoon, there was a street parade of the societies connected with the Church, and was witnessed by enormous crowds.

On Tuesday, a grand Re-union of the surviving soldiers and sailors of the late war, was begun here and lasted three days. Tents were pitched out at the fair grounds, and here the heroes of many a conflict fought their battles over again.

There was speech making by prominent persons, among whom were President Hayes and General Sherman. A dozen or more regiments had their headquarters at the Institution, the two playrooms having been put in order for their use.

The city was never so gorgeously attired as she has been the present week. High Street was the chief attraction, nearly every building thereon being literally covered with flags, bunting, etc.

The Institution, under the supervision of Superintendent Fay, was handsomely decorated for the occasion. Ropes, upon which were hung numberless little flags, from the summit of the main tower were extended to the other side, also two lines of flags from the same place were stretched to the front grounds, one line on each side of the fountain. From the centre of each of the towers floated a large flag, with smaller ones at the four corners. Bunting from the central dormer windows was suspended, and reached down to the ground on each side of the portico. The Institution, on the whole, appeared to good advantage, and during the three days, thousands of visitors passed through the building. The Blind Institution was also nicely decorated, and at night its front portion was lighted up from the dome to the ground, giving it a really fine appearance.

The Re-union closed yesterday with a grand street parade, in which ten thousand people took part, and was viewed by five times that number of souls.

J. C. Barkley is a sad man. We feel sorry for J. C. Barkley. He claims that we wounded his delicate feelings. He is a very sensitive man. Any thing said of him or affairs in which he is interested is apt to throw him into convulsions. He must have been in one of these spasms when he wrote his last article for the JOURNAL, for if he had been in his right mind he would not have shown the world what a stupid creature he is.

We are sure, doubly sure, that he did not understand our letter. Any one with a little judgment, would have taken a different view of it from what Barkley took. Moreover, if he was possessed with a grain of the article called common sense, he would not parade his stupidity in the papers, and thus become the laughing stock of others.

For his benefit, we will state that our interview was written about as related, and no intention was meant to cast reflection on any one.

We wrote to the effect that no prominent mutes were present at his picnic, and we still adhere to that, with one exception. Every one of those names Barkley mentioned in his statement, are residents of Cincinnati or vicinity, and have made their home in that region these many years—the one from Lima excepted—and it is but natural that these should attend his picnic. We might say more about one or two of those prominent (?) persons, but our modesty bids us to keep silent.

And so there were so many mutes at the picnic that J. C. B. had no time to ask them all how they enjoyed the affair. Pooh! we are reliably informed that the number who attended was 15 all told, and he gave the names of just one-third of those there.

As J. C. B. wishes the name of our informant, we will state that it was Mr. Thomas McGinness. He did not make it his business to attend the picnic as a spy either for us or any one else, but went down there with but one object in view—viz., pleasure.

We have said our say, and hereafter we shall let J. C. B. pass in contempt—as he justly deserves—as he cannot reason intelligently with any one.

Mr. Charles E. Rankin was married last Saturday noon, at Marion, O., to Miss Fannie Clingle, Mr. G. O. Fay performing the ceremony. The happy couple reached Columbus the same afternoon and went direct to housekeeping, everything being in readiness for them upon their arrival. By the death of his mother, Mr. Rankin was left $4,000, besides a house and lot, valued between two and three thousand dollars.

Mrs. Alice Hanson of Oberlin, is in the city. She is the guest of her brother, Mr. P. M. Park.

Mr. J. M. Park left for Chillicothe last Saturday, to spend a few days visiting the Ancient Burg, and also Mr. L. D. Waite.

Mr. R. P. McGregor is back from his cruise on the lakes, and reports having had a fine time, the only drawback to his pleasure being loneliness. His hands and face received a thorough tanning.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Luning of Cincinnati, came up last Sunday to the installation of a Bishop. While here, they called upon several mutes of this city.

Mr. Perry J. Swineford, of Ashland, a former pupil here, came down to take part in the Re-union. He is working at harness making, and says he is earning good wages.

Mr. J. F. Haskins, a prospective college boy, was in the city this week with his brother, the object of their visit being the Soldiers Re-union.

Prof. McGregor has a copy of every deaf-mute paper ever published in the united States and Canada, except two. These are *The Gallaudet Guide* and *Deaf-Mute Casket*. Whoever will furnish him with a copy of the two above named papers, will confer a favor upon him. COLUMBUS.

Aug. 14, '80.

Mignon's Tid Bits.

"Alone I walked the river's strand,
A pebbly shell was in my hand;
I stooped and wrote upon the sand,
My name,—the year,—the day.
As onward from the spot I passed,
One lingering look behind I cast,
A wave came swelling gay and fast,
And washed my name away.

"And so me-thought 'twill shortly be
With every line on earth from me;
A wave of dark oblivious sea
Will sweep across the place,
Where I have trod the sandy shore
Of time, and been, to be no more
Of me, my day, the name I bore
To leave no track or trace.

"And yet with Him who counts the sands,
And holds the waters in His hands
I know a lasting record stands
Inscribed against my name;
Of all the mortal part has wrought
Of all the sinking soul has thought,
And from these fleeting moments caught.
For glory or for shame."

"Holmes envious of our fame,
Lowell and Whitter tremble at our name."

Well, that has increased our bump of self-esteem *pretty considerably*, you must know. *Heretofore* we had always considered ourself *a quoting poet* as yet unknown to fame.

"'Tis well to see one's name in print,
A book's a book although there's nothing in it."

"Ernestine" *carried* "Lester Montrose" *off*. Good! Gracious!! She must be an Amazon. Perhaps his leaving so early was because she let him fall over the bank, and *smashed his turned-up-nose to a jelly*. Are we right or no?

Yes,—

"Woe betide ye fated luckless wights,
"Mignon always did, and *will* have her rights."

Somebody gave us a pretty broad hint, in putting "Time to me," in the 29th's issue. We *knew* where we got

"So in many a loving breast,
Lies some canker grief concealed."

But all of us erring sons and dau- of Adam, will forget to use quotation marks, sometimes. If you have any more hints to discharge at us, please don't fire them all at once; be merciful, and give us one at a time. We haven't recovered from the "broadside;" but *are better*.

Will we ever hear the last of *dear, daisy, darling, Willowdale Picnic?* And how dared anybody go and *steal* the other half of our name? Why, several of our friends wanted to know if we went "over the Rhine," just to be sure of that paragon of bipeds, called men, "L. M." Now, see here, that name is ours *by act of Congress*. We left "ette" out 'cause both our names end in that, and you can't sail under it *and live*. Do you hear and obey?

"Odentus," and the rest of them, need not put any more "Granger men" up to us. We don't want them, and won't have them, unless they have an elegant "Country Seat"—

"Where the rippling waters flow,"

and a stylish little pony phaeton at our disposal.

We were just dead sorry to learn that our most worthy Editor wouldn't cheer Gen. Garfield at Willowdale. If it were'nt for the naughty men we would "stump" it for Garfield. That we would!

We would be most happy to meet "Elm," and the editor of the "*Home Journal*," at the Convention. They don't seem to have much "dummyism" about them, and we are sure we would like them awful much.

We believe Job Turner's letters have all gone where the woodbine twineth, and we "spose" our awful notes have so shocked the old gentleman, that he is preparing to write a book on *total depravity* for our sole and special benefit.

We believe "Elm" is right. We have seldom met a deaf-mute who "hardly ever,"—"What, never?"—"No, never" seemed to understand a joke of any kind, and we never attempt a bit of pleasantry, but what we offend some of them.

"'Twas ever thus from childhood's hour."

And what's more, if we let them alone very long they have to go and spread, spread monstrous tales on us "from the blue lakes stretching westward to the Southern land of flowers, and from the pine clad hills of Maine to the Rocky Mountains towers." Ugh!! such "doins" are too contemptible to talk about.

We don't blame "Elm" of the far off "Golden State" for wanting to annihilate that young lady when she *takes to the piano*. Of course it is wicked, but he can't help it. We know 'cause we have felt just so. We were passionately fond of music *when we could hear*, and whenever any of our girl friends are asked to sing, and play, it makes us so angry, we actually cry *every time*. It always brings up the "might have beens." We, too, can tell a splendid touch from a poor one; but we don't see how he can play, when he can't hear thunder. We can't *never do so*. Nor could the immortal Beethoven.

We don't believe Miss Robertson ever takes passage on a steamer, but what there is an "episode" of some kind. Once the steamer ran aground, and couldn't get off. Another time they ran a race, and nearly went to pieces. This time she was laid up in a fog. But think you she had to languish in the cabin, like "patience sitting on a monument smiling at grief," or sit out on the afterguards, all forgotten and forlorn? Not a bit of that, there was *always something* romantic *in the background*. The clerk of the "*General Pike*" happened to be "a knight of the "19th" century," tall with raven locks, and eyes, and most potent charm of all, *Roman nose* whose vast proportions held her very heart in thrall. She did not go into full particulars, said space would not admit it; but from what little she *would* tell us, we suppose there was more than two acts and scenes—

"'Neath a chandlier dimly burning,
Glowing cheek, and wetting eye,
Where each thought to —— was turning, etc.

We will wait, and see what comes of her "up trip." Hope to have a big budget about the boat blowing up, burning to the water's edge, how she was rescured by "Sir Knight," and married him, because she thought she had to. Enough for this time, she will scold us most severely, if we say any more, but neverthless she is a "tolerable" good girl, and a great friend of ours.

Miss Shroyer says she got plenty of "color" while sailing around Detroit. We've a notion to go up that way "when our ship comes in," and see if we can't get some, too. We are too white, and would have some of it off, 'cause all the old ladies think we are sick. The young men say we powder, and the girls declare we eat arsenic or something.

Emma Macy's papa and mamma *purpose* starting Iowa-ward, about the first of October. Emma will be sadly missed, and we don't know what her Charlie'll do.

Ida Wiley—Class of '76—now lives in Rushville, Ind. "Jim," make your call.

Itemizer says: "Josephine" is going to the Blue Hill mining regions. Going to work in the mines, aren't you, Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B.

Mr. and Mrs. Vail, Robbie, Helen and Lizzie, are rusticating near Madison, Ind.

"The JOURNAL" spoke of the "Willowdale" ladies as, *beautiful, witty, agreeable*. O dearie me! *Deaf yonng men* won't look at a girl twice unless she is *pretty*, and she is a mere *cipher* in their eyes unless she be "pretty as a picture." Not so with their *hearing brethren*. They're more sensible; they always do the agreeable to plain-faced, peak-nosed "Mignon." She never had a regular deaf beau in her life, and all because Dame Nature did not give her graces rare. Ah me!

Our budget of tid bits is exhausted, so bye-bye, till after the Big Convention. "Your truly truly."

MIGNON.

GLEN FALLS, INDIANA SHORE, Aug. 7

Okojimbo & Gege.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Having penned the closing words in our last letter we wended our way to the depot and took our seat in the winged chariot of modern times. Soon the engine with a whistle almost as thrilling as the howl of C. C. C., or O. E. Hoe, moved out of the depot, and we bid adieu to Washington and closed our eyes to build a huge air castle. But Morpheus thinking we wished to woo him, presented himself and soon we were in the land of dreams. There we met the ghost of Phoebe Carey, as angry as the furies, wishing to avenge herself on us because one of our class had pilfered her Psalm of Life and published it abroad as an original production. In vain we endeavored to sooth her, telling her that it was one of her own sex that did the mischief and not ours. But she still continued her harangue, and the only way to get rid of her was by awaking, which we did as soon as possible.

It is not our intention, as you will soon see, to give you a sketch of our journey farther than to record one little incident which we do for the sake of "Deaf and Dumb Girl." In the southern end of Virginia is situated a small village and in this village resides a pretty little deaf-mute lady. Here we halted for a rest and gleaned the following facts. A certain student, living in the sunny South, having heard of this lady, obtained a letter of invitation, and called to see her on his way home. His call was prolonged for several days, during which time buggy rides and excursions were made. At last this student left completely infatuated and feeling that life without her was worthless. Now, if Miss "D. and D. Girl" will send a few letters of introduction to the college, or if she can manage to have one of the students call to see her on her way home, no doubt she could checkmate him as completely as the Virginia girl has done, for "beauty draws us with a single hair" and a few bangs.

Arriving at Knoxville we met a few friends, from whom we learned that Prof. A. L. Houghton is at Camden, Tenn. Miss Bettie Davis, the matron, is visiting friends in Ky. Miss Mamie Banner, of Knoxville, mute sister to Frank A. Banner, who lost his life three years ago in the Potomac river, is at State Springs enjoying herself immensely. James Hastings, a graduate of the Tennessee Institution, is here making money on horse collars. He is employed by John A. Michaels, whom many of your readers will remember as a very promising young man while a student. He has a pretty little wife, stolen from the State of Virginia.

Here we met a man who asked us if we ever knew I. N. Hammer. Imitating Solon, we replied that we never knew a man until after his death, but that we were acquainted with the instrument in question, having often accompanied him on his nocturnal pilgrimage to the shrine of beauty. What can you tell us of him? Nothing in particular of him, as he is not at home, but of his sister. So much the better, we replied. Let us hear it. He then told us that in the first part of June Miss Mattie Hammer was attending a mineral spring in the mountains of Sevier Co., Tenn., and while there the good people of this world got up a big revival meeting. While this meeting was in progress, Mr. J. F. Leah, a rising young lawyer and an acknowledged lover of Miss Mattie, came upon the stage, and the two enacted the following tragedy: On Sunday evening, just as Phœbus was driving his fiery charriot through the golden gates of the west, the two called upon the presiding elder, and with two other friends took him out for a promenade. They turned their steps towards the summit of a towering peak. Upward and still upward they wended their way till the valley lay far below. There, above all others, as the soft gray twilight gathered o'er, the preacher united their hands and said over the ceremony which ends with "whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." They all then returned to the hotel and nothing more was said about it. The next day he returned home, and she staid at the springs a few weeks longer. She finally went home. By the middle of July their romance had died out, and he came to surprise her parents by demanding his bride. "All is now quiet on the Potomac," and the two are living together.

One thing more as our letter is getting long, and we will close. In a recent issue of the JOURNAL, "Elm" gives an account of her proficiency in musical attainments, and, for his benefit we will speak of a friend of ours who also prides himself on his musical powers. He can sing, dance, and play on a great many musical instruments. But what thrills the ladies so much is the perfection of his singing. Often he is called on when at parties to sing, and we have witnessed the congratulations and praises bestowed, which he would swallow with the greatest relish. But we had some doubt as to his capacity for carrying tunes, devoid as he was, of hearing. So once upon a time we took a confidential friend aside and asked him to tell us truthfully if our semi-mute friend could carry a tune. He smiled and replied that he had no tune to carry, that he merely *talked with a whine*.

OKOJIMBO & GEGE.

We, Us & Co.'s Gab Room.

No doubt it will vex
One half of the sex,
To see yourselves through my green "specs;"
But the poet hath too much piety
And wanteth compensation,
To sing of the belles of creation,
So Homer hath to thrill my finger 'long
In a eulogistic song,
For your praises must be sung;
Or in effigy we'll be hung,
And the JOURNAL slandered by a maiden's tongue.

The echo rings,
The sound it brings,
Of bewitching singers,
Of gentle glance "flingers,"
The modern darts of Cupid's "slingers,"
The echo rings—rings of what?
Of social chat,
Of this and that,
As they make remarks, some pointed, some flat.

Some are, we hear, entertaining the notion
Of exclusive devotion,
To that part of science folks call flirtology—
The science of casting sheep's eyes
And receiving replies
From the window to the street—this applies.

This gab-room is a wonderful fold;
Here secrets are given and told,
Here plots are laid that unfold,
One I'll relate,
Quite accurate—
It was thus:—LORD ROSCOE is a marriageable man;
Stout and straight,
Age, twenty-eight,
With all those charms that captivate.

Said MIONON to BELLA, "single men have been
By maiden's 'taken in,'
It can be done 'again.'"
Deep laid they the plot, in the silent room,
To charm a loved *Bach* to a blissful doom.
Some from pretence are not free
As the reader soon shall see,
Well it happened one day,
We really can't say
The particular month—we think it was Autumn;
We remember the poet sang 'of the trees,
"Oh, monument of departed leaves."
Then, let us see,
There were two, perhaps three,
Found on acorn dropped from a tree,
"Is it livin'?"
Said one—"Oh, what is it?" said Miss B—
GERALDINE replied, "a young bean of yonder tree."
The girls had lived in the city? you see,
Now don't suppose,
With such doings as those,
The records of their merits must come to a close,
No! examine their conduct more closely you'll find,
They have not neglected improving the mind;
For they study finery, Latin and Greek
The fashions, the boys and their cheek.
The girls are very good,
Be it well understood,
In their quiet mood.
But talk as we will, with all our grace
This gab-room's a noisy place;
A racket we often hear,
Sounding loud and clear.
Upon its melody we'll not rail,
But, liken it—to the ending of this fa(i)le.

For the benefit of the uninitated we will remark that "Geraldine," "Bella" and that "*Indiana Darling*" take lessons at our Gab-Room; hence the origin of the above poem.

You sided with us. Thanks. We are the "aristocracy." Suppose we make an honest work-*man* of you.

"The noblest work of God," you know,
"Each one a husband get."

We would be happy to have the contract of furnishing each of you with one.

Hieronymus says it is "sixteen beer saloons to one church" in Philadelphia. "Whew!" We should think it only takes *one* to paint "a lovelier iris upon his burnished *nose*."

What tribe do Okojimbo & Gege belong to? We mean the ones whose article appeared in the JOURNAL of July 22d.

It might be a speculation for you, Mignon, to go over to Philadelphia and learn that poor, ignorant Hieronymus how to kiss the girls in the right place.

"Kiss me quick, kiss me nice,
Kiss me once, kiss me twice;
Kiss me often, kiss me long,
Kiss me boldly, is *our* song.

"Hold me tight in fond embrace,
Mouth to mouth, face to face;
Sparkling eyes, blue as skies,
Speaking love that never dies.

"Ruby lips in passion meet,
Glued together with nectar sweet;
Scented breath of lilies' flower,
Intoxicates with Cupid's power.

"Roguish dimples on rosy cheek,
Blushes, playing hide and seek;
Honey kisses, often given,
Love tokens so sweetly riven.

If something isn't done soon, they will be accusing some of us poor boys of being girls, and how shall we disprove it. Won't Hieronymus come to the rescue. We think some of them should be choked to death with a garter.

You took a trip down the *la belle* Ohio. When you go to the country to rusticate, we'll sing;—

"Sun shines on the sea
Melly bird singee hli,
But darkee allee to me,
"Yo, oh! Yo," allee time I sli.

"We, Us—too muchee sad,
Sollowing yokee away!
Ah, howee can Miggee be glad?
Comee, Yo, comee"—

"Migee, oh Mignee
We, Us & Co., singee too low,
Migee, Mi Sol Si, Mignee,
Harkee, Do, Mig——(no go.)"

By way of recreation, we took another flying trip to Cincinnati last week, stopping *en route* at Dayton. The Dayton boys are all there yet, and as lazy and good-natured as ever, in fact, they are too lazy to get out of town. After waiting three months, *Jeems* hired a boy to mail his letter to tee JOURNAL, as the exertion was too much for him. And Hatfield, you all know Hatfield, he laughs so much of his time that his mouth is wrong-side out, and of course he has no time to subscribe for the JOURNAL. They intended forming a Deaf-Mute's Lazy Club, or a Lazy Deaf-Mute's Club, we forget which, but the exertion was too much, and the project is still-born. The only person who seemed to be doing anything, was J. H. Smith, and as he intends marrying before long, we suppose he wanted to get his pants from the pawn-brokers.

We intended going to Indianapolis with Mr. Hatfield, but time and circumstances would not permit, so we went to Cincinnati instead. We arrived at 11 P.M., and after taking a drink from the fountain, (we don't blame the natives for drinking beer if they have such stuff to drink,) and a "weine wurst," we went to bed.

The next morning we met one of the seven wonders of the world, a barber who shaved us without saying a word; didn't even tell us our head was dirty and needed cleaning, or that we were getting bald and he had a hair tonic that would bring hair on the face of "Hiermuss," or that our hair needed trimming, etc., etc. He was so silent we suspected him asleep, but he made out to answer when we asked for the bill. Upon counting our expenses we discovered that it had cost us ten cents a minute since we came to the city; in fact, we were afraid to take a good, full breath of their dirty air whilst in the place, for fear we would be charged extra for it.

Not knowing where to go to Sunday school, we spent the rest of the forenoon at the "Zoo," and the afternoon at the Bellevue House, listening to the excellent music of the German Band. Thence around the city and home. We were sorry our short stay did not permit us to meet any of our friends there.

WE, US & CO.,

SPRINGFIELD, O., August 9, 1880.

Ohio Jottings.

Pleasant.
Busy times.
Corn is booming.
Warming up again.
Vegetables plenteous.
Watermelons in market.
Business is "booming."
Raspberries are all gone.
Cholera infantum is ripe.
Longest days of the year.
Blackberry prospect is good.
Harvest apples are in market.
The corn crop is now assured.
The army worm has sixteen legs.
Grasshoppers are ready for business.
Miss Anna Rynn is all right in her new home.
The late rains have done the grass and oats a "sight of good."
"He flies higher than he can roost," is the latest.
I sold some potatoes Friday afternoon, at fifty cents a bushel.
L. A. Anthoni is still in Delaware, O., living with his parents, and is the second boss of his father's brewery. Some think it is a low occupation, but it is right for him to work there in order to earn his bread. I would be a street sweep, if I could not find any other place to work.

MARRIED—Saturday last, at 11 A.M., at the residence of William Cull, Jr., by Superintendent Gilbert O. Fay, of the Ohio Deaf-Mute Institute, at Columbus, Mr. Charles E. Rankin, of Columbus, to Miss Frances Clingle, a sister of Mrs. William Cull, Jr., of this city. The marriage ceremony was conducted in the sign-language, as the couple are both deaf and dumb, and it was by mutual consent that they concluded to "share each others joys and sorrows along life's journey." Quite a number of friends and neighbors were present at the wedding. The pair left for Columbus—their present home—on their honeymoon, on the afternoon of the same day. No deaf-mutes were invited to the wedding save Samuel Clingle, brother of the bride. The bride is an Episcopalian. She left her Marion friends very unexpectedly, to marry. She went to Columbus with $600 in her pocket.

Remember, deaf-mute students, that your vacation is two-thirds over. Work, and get ready for school.

CHIEF WEATHERFORD.

August 8, '80.

Western New York.

DEAR MR. HODGSON:—According to a long ago made promise, I will now write a letter for the JOURNAL. Attica looks brighter than ever, new houses are being put up on every side. The new railroad is being pushed through, and is now far towards completion. It connects Attica with Arcade. Attica's deaf-mute inhabitants are unusually prosperous this summer.

Mr. George Taylor moved his shop from Exchange to Main Street last spring, and is now doing a rushing business in the jewelry line.

Frank Smith, another deaf-mute, is is in the employ of one of our most popular tailors, and many people prefer to have their suits made by him, as he does his work with such neatness and dispatch.

Not long since, Mr. Taylor and myself paid a visit to A. W. Deuel, who, with his wife and two children, reside on his farm, in the town of Alabama, Genesee Co., about twenty miles from Attica.

Mr. Deuel has a very fine farm of about sixty-five or seventy acres, of some of the best soil in the State; and it is not at all easy to find crops that can compete with his. He has a good stock of horses, cattle and hogs, and on the farm is a large orchard now weighed down with fruit. It is my intention to purchase those apples this fall, as it is in my line of business. Such a house and barn are not to be found on every farm of that size. Mr. Deuel is a deaf-mute, and has made all his property through his own exertions. We had a very pleasant visit, and returned home the next day, feeling very much refreshed by our excursion.

Ephraim Jewell and James Camp reside near Attica, and occasionally honor us with a visit.

O. M. Buck also thinks of visiting us as soon as the new railroad is completed.

All these deaf-mutes live in or near Attica, so you see we have quite a mute population. Garfield and Arthur are the leading subjects of discussion here. W. L. EASTMAN.

OHIO.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—The first thing I wish to do, is to remark that the retirement of Prof. Fay, of Ohio, is announced, greatly to the regret of those who had been under his charge from the beginning of his connection with the Institution, especially all who had long been associated with him in the employment. Much has been said about his great experience for the cause of education, by which the Institution presents a flourishing and prosperous appearance. Such a man as Mr. F. cannot be found to fill the place unless outside of Ohio. Should Mr. Perry decline, which is likely, it will be still more striking to so large an Institution as this. While the Institution is unfortunate in the departure of its leading officer, yet the American Asylum is successful in gaining a good man for the place occupied by the late Mr. Bull.

"Chief Weatherford" and others, what is the use of repeating about that misguided tramp? Beware of it, as it might induce the readers to consider him an uncommon man, with a view to vote for such a man when the convention comes. He expects to be present, owing to the report that he wants to run for the office of treasurer, for which he is likely to care a great deal more than any of the other offices. Let him alone, or scalp him if you please.

Who is "Freddie?" There is no woman by that name, who is ever known to have followed the romantic plan of establishing an "Egg and Butter College." I can prove that your advice to Mr. Barkley is not in order at all, vinegar is not the thing for a fly, when you want to catch one with it.

Miss Julia Leonard of this county, who had, for seven long years, been blessed with the ideas beaten into her head as to how she should lead a pure life, has luckily taken up her quarters in the Infirmary, where she is at present playing with a doll. As shown by the above, she was not allowed the privilege of remaining with her unkind step-mother, owing to the difference of their opinions about the duties of a housekeeper. Her only sister was treated in the same manner, having left for some parts unknown, five years before. Strange to say that Julia has no other relations, her father having moved from the other side of the ocean with her more highly favored mother. Nor has she since leaving school, cared about making a number of friends, as she should have done for guidance's sake, by which she might possibly have been saved from her present situation. Had she completed a good education while at school, she would have continually made advancements so as to attract sympathy and aid. Let us hope that the world does not contain many like this unfortunate girl.

Mr. and Mrs. Eldridge, formerly Miss Hare, several years a teacher in the Institution, have been married nearly two years, and are living in a new and elegant house of their own in Springfield, where they are blessed with a host of friends. Ruth is awfully proud of her husband, who makes an energetic business man and to every body who questions her, she insists that married life is just perfectly splendid, and that Amos is so nice.

Mr. W. Frazier, who had long remained single, thinking himself as good as married, sees that a bright idea has occured to him so that he can find no relief, but has wisely pursued the same course as stated in the JOURNAL.

As far as I learn, there live in the county thirty mutes, about ten of whom contemplate attending the convention this summer.

DAN.

FELICITY, O., Aug. 6, 1880.

Old Luzerne County News.

Our Deaf-Mutes' Religious Association assemble, semi-monthly in the rooms of the Y. M. C. A., on Lackawanna Avenue, Scranton. Jacob M. Koehler officiates, and is the real basis of said society. It is in a flourishing condition, and

Now Savior, let thy glory shine,
And fill the dwellings here,
Till life and love and joy divine
A heaven on earth appear.

The deaf-mutes from a distance who attended the service on 8th instant, were Henry Kresge, of Baldmount, Robert Arnold, of Mill Hollow; James Williams, of Pittston, Pa., and Miss Mary Frame, of Homesdale. Miss Ettie Weil lately paid a visit to Mrs. Arnold, of Mill Hollow, Pa., and had a grand time. Miss Weil has just graduated at the Pennsylvania School for the Deaf and Dumb at Philadelphia. Those who remain behind will have to say,

"I feel like one
Who treads alone;
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but she departed."

Our "Alick," is still at Williamsport, and is enjoying social pleasure there.

James Williams lately paid a visiting expedition to the Barnum farm, and came home laden with joy.

There appeared in one of the Scranton papers a sketch of an establishment for the erection of a school in that city for the deaf and dumb.

A party of our folks assembled in the mansion of Mr. and Mrs. Kramer, at Hyde Park, Pa., and enjoyed a grand feast before departure. This assemblage was just after the close of the services at Y. M. C. A. rooms.

A few weeks ago, the statement of the proposed picnic was but premature. The picnic will come out the 21st.

CAPTAIN CARNES

Letter from Rev Job Turner.

DEAR MR. HODGSON:—According to announcement, both forenoon and afternoon services were yesterday held in All Saints Church, where were present a number of intelligent mutes, whose presence did me good, and among whom were Mr. Souwein, of New York, Wm. H. Green and wife, B. D. Howe and wife, Young Clarkson, all of this city, Mr. and Mrs. Sanger, of Westboro, and Mr. Miller, of Providence, R. I.

At the end of my morning service, the Rev. Mr. Shaw *temporarily* supplying the pulpit in the Rector's absence, rose, and made an address upon giving out notice of the offering for the Church Mission for Deaf-Mutes, which was as follows:—

"In the Gospel for the day we have an account of our Lord's treatment of a deaf-mute. He pitied him, touched him, and relieved his infirmity.

"The Church tries now to imitate her Lord's example. She sends out her agents to find those who are afflicted by loss of hearing and of speech. She thus places her hands upon them, and does what she can to relieve their infirmity.

"There are now employed by this Mission to the Deaf-Mutes some five or six persons, ordained clergymen and lay assistants, who visit our cities and towns and care for this class of our people.

"You must not think of their work as simply interpreting our beautiful services to them occasionally, for they find homes for them, and teach them this most expressive language which we have seen illustrated here to-day, besides caring for them in every way possible.

"You will have an opportunity to-day to contribute towards their good work whose representative has of late been admitted to Holy Orders, and have the privilege of helping those upon whom the hand of affliction has been so heavily laid."

REV. A. W. MANN'S APPOINTMENTS.

Detroit,	August,	1st.
New York,	"	8th.
Philadelphia,	"	15th.
Cleveland,	"	22d.
Cincinnati,	"	25th.
"	"	26th.
Pittsburg,	"	29th.
St. Louis,	Sept.,	5th.
Chicago,	"	12th.

Subscribe for the DEAF MUTES' JOURNAL. $1.50 a year.

A CHARGE.

BY ANGIE FULLER.

Tell woman to be strong before temptation,
Promptly to speak that short, yet firm word,
No!
And without dallying or hesitation
Bid the vile tempter from her presence go.

Tell her that promises of passions waking
Are seldom kept, though sounding sweetly fair;
They are but short-lived flowers of Satan's taking
To hide a snare;—a deep a fatal snare.

Tell her that man is largely in her power,
That she may drag him down, ignobly down,
May buy his birthright with her own last dower
Or on his head keep honor's priceless crown.

Tell her that virtue is a priceless treasure,
Beside which, gold and diamonds, dimly shine,
It is a source of everlasting pleasure,
It's origin and end are both divine.

Tell her that *love, true love,* is pure and ever
Ende vors its beloved one to bless
Exalt, enrich, make glad, but never, never,
Honor, pride, virtue wilfully makes less.

Tell her that God is watching her from heaven,
And if she asks, in fierce temptation's hour;
To her in generous measure will be given,
Courage and grace, and firm resisting power.

Tell her all this when childhood's days are merging.
Into fair girlhood's blushing, blooming hours,
Teach her that not to lure to sinful urging
Is she endowed with many charms and powers

And o'er and o'er when girlhood's days have vanished,
And woman:ood's own star full on her beams;
When disappointment, pain, or toil have vanished
Youth's bright, enthusiastic hopes and dreams.

Tell her, her mission evermore is holy,
Her work, one seraphs would be proud to do,
And she may claim high rank however lowly,
While to her soul, her mission, she is true.

Composed 1871. Revised 1880.

Correspondence for All.

The July number of the Chicago *Letter* editorially repeats the remarks of the *Advance* concerning the late appropriation, by Congress, of $7,500 for the erection of a Gymnasium, in connection with the National Deaf-Mute College, and sneeringly reviews the sensible remarks of the latter paper against the project.

No doubt the two papers represent the settled opinions of half and half the community most intimately interested in the gymnasium subject, and that each half will regard the other as selfish or silly, so long as it sees fit to hold its own ground of opposition or favor; but whatever the advocates of the new project say in favor of their pet play-house, we believe time will prove that the opposition party—who think it a nonsensical waste of precious dollars—have the best of it in the way of sound argument, and that the students, who now so ungallantly allow the expenditure of the above named sum, with the additional appropriations which will doubtless be found necessary to meet unlooked for expenses, all while knowing, as they do, that it would go handsomely towards establishing the college for which their afflicted sisters have so long felt a *desideratum* and have repeatedly asked for, will rue their selfishness through long years of suffering, if not entire dependence, upon the very girls whose claim to higher intellectual advantages they now so shamefully ignore.

To be plain. It is my candid opinion that neither the students of the National College, nor any other deaf-mute school wherein signs are used to any considerable extent, need the exercise of a gymnasium; because the sign-language is eminently a muscular exercise. It constantly keeps in play all, or nearly all, the muscles, and taxes the nervous system far more than many persons imagine.

Look around among our deaf-mute teachers, superintendents, principals and matrons, and notice how many of them are breaking down or growing prematurely old; and all because their nervous system is so constantly overtaxed by the use of the sign-language, the few who escape the premature exhaustion, being regarded as marvels of constitutional vitality. I am fully persuaded that proper observation will prove that in very many, if not in the full majority of cases, those persons who practice gymnastics most enthusiastically or enter with most spirit into such games as base ball, do it at the decided expense full as often as to the gain of strength. For instance; I have among my few deaf-mute gentlemen friends, one who is a passionate lover of the game of base ball, and plays it frequently. A year or two ago, his eyes began to trouble him, and when I last heard from him he was threatened with blindness; and all these lovely summer days, while other young men who have no more appreciation of Nature's beauties than he has, have been roaming and rusticating it, while he has lived under an oculist's thumb and *smarted* for every past overtaxing of his strength. Probably in all these months of suffering he has never once thought of attributing the eye trouble in the least degree to his favorite pastime, yet I verily believe the fault lies there in a considerable measure. The violent exercise not only overheated his blood for the time being, but also reduced his actual vital force ond rendered his system less able to combat with the intrusive forces of inflammation. Could I speak to him personally, I would say: Let base ball and all other heating exercises alone; keep cool and rest all you can, because whatever costs you strength will damage your sight so long as your sight is weak. That too much exercise is even worse than not quite enough, is that it destroys the capacity to take the healthful just enough, is well proven by that story told us in the *Mutes' Chronicle* not long ago, of the young man who, having read Blake's book of instruction, "How to get strong," began a regular course of gymnastic exercise.

"His first venture was to carry two pound dumb-bells for a while every morning and later in the day, walk two or three miles. That experiment seeming beneficial, he began carrying five pound bells, walking four miles and indulging in a row daily. For a few months, there seemed to be a steady gain in strength and physical development, then his health suddenly failed, and continued in a steadily retrograding state until he was thoroughly broken down, and many months passed before he regained even a partial portion of the vital force he lost during the period he so fondly fancied he was materially increasing his supply.

As counterparts to his case, the learned physician who attended him after his physical collapse, testified that he had upon his patient list a large number of young men who had been cadets in collegiate athletic sports, and who had used themselves up physically; some of them so far beyond recovery that if they lived long they must be prematurely old men."

It is hardly carrying particulars too far to assert that no people are so given to overdoing in every thing they undertake, as the Americans. Consequently, they are an alive, enthusiastic, earnest people, and in work, pleasure, everything they undertake, they are prone to squander their forces hastily — then lament their unwise zeal at leisure—often bewailing it bitterly, as the hosts of cripples and promiscuous incurables scattered all over the country prove.

Especially among the young—impatient, ardent, irrepressible—think only of wresting from the present hour every particle of pleasure it may, by any possibility, be forced to yield, thoughtless of the future and its responsibilities, its cares and labors, which cannot be met happily nor discharged faithfully without *strength;* just such strength as is supposed to be gained, but which is more often lost by gymnastics or any other exercise, which demands unnecessary violent exertion or heavy strain upon the muscles and nervous forces.

That I am not alone in my long held objection to gymnastics, is evident from the editorial on "Recreation," which appeared in the June 15th number of the *Silent World.*

Having defined the word, "Recreation" and said "Recreation" ought to be undertaken for the power of work it generates—and not merely for pastime—the writer continues:

"Gymnastics, too, we think, are very largely a spurious means of recreation or education, for they lay too great a strain on certain parts of the body to the exclusion of others, and develop the muscles only by too much depressing the vitality. Rowing, running, jumping, and all such games as cause rapid breathing and forces fresh oxygen in larger quantities into the lungs, are, to our mind, the proper kind of recreation. Look at Hanlan, he is a good oar because he is wise, he does not try to develop one half of the body at the expense of the other half. He is an all around man, good in every way, not excessive in any part."

Besides the reason for mutes to be provident of their strength embodied in the previously expressed opinions, that the use of the sign-language is a sad tax upon the nervous system, another strong reason is the simple fact that in a majority of cases the disease which destroys the hearing, enfeebles the constitution, and whatever, be it work or play, necessarily taxes the strength, is injurious. Exercise of all kinds should therefore be studiously avoided, the constant study, the daily aim, being to build up the enfeebled powers.

This can be done only by temperance and moderation in work and pleasure and the indulgence of gentle recreation to as full an extent as can be without pandering to sheer laziness, that sneaking spirit which mutes are no more justified in harboring than are those who hear.

As far as the swimming to be learned in the gymnasium goes; while I believe it is every boy's duty—and girl's, too, if they can have an opportunity—to learn to swim well to the end that, in case of water accidents, life may be preserved. I certainly think the dear college students can learn enough during vacation, by practicing in the living streams with which our country abounds; learn it, too, far more effectively and healthfully than they can in a circumscribed, rusty, slimy, tank of stagnate water, into which not even a decent frog or water snake would willingly enter.

I had meant to wind up this objective effusion by an appeal to the students to show themselves capable of generosity, chivalry and true manliness, by petitioning Congress or the College President to relinquish the plan of a gymnasium, and appropriate the money to the starting of a College for Deaf-Mute Ladies; and if the college can be located near their own, so that the ladies can exert a refining influence over the students while enjoying the priviliges of sisters and the advantages of the cultured society of Washington, along with their brothers, all the better, I say, for I do not at all agree with a Principal who, at the late Conference in Northampton, when the subject of a Ladies' College was broached, objected to locating the same near together. I consider his objection a sad reflection, not only upon the morality of our silent community, but upon our national morality also. It strikes me as a trait assertion upon the part of the speaker that our virtue, our integrity, our entire morality, is merely apparent, is all of the surface and has no depth or stability. Away with such a thought, such an intimation, and let us, upon whom it falls most heavily, prove in the future that we are capable of resisting temptation, of exercising self-control and maintaining an honorable social position, the corner stones of which shall be real and not apparent virtues, positive and not pretentious piety.

But alas for all my good intentions in the pleading line. According to late reports the deed is done, the die is cast; excavations for the foundation of the boys play-house have already begun, and all the girls can do is to bear the *injustice* as philosophically as righteous indignation will allow; and I will add for their consolation, that after this open display on the part of the students of a selfish, unchivalrous nature, if any of the mute girls of the period ever condescend to marry them, it will be one of the grandest proofs of woman's magnanimity and thorough angelicness of nature that the world has ever witnessed.

I have read with great interest the accounts given by the several deaf-mute papers of the re-unions and picnics that have been held in several of the States the present summer. The report of the late Willow Dale gathering is especially fine. Such gatherings are precious occasions, precious alike to body and spirit; but ah! ye fortunate, happy ones who are free to share in them, pray do not forget your less favored companions who have to stay at home and who seldom meet a mute, and in the fullness of your joy do not fail to breathe an earnest prayer that the good All Father will, out of his vast treasure-house of blessings, give them something in the way of compensation.

Although I cannot portray nor write in the lively strains of "We, Us & Co," "Sly & Co." "Hieronymus," "Lester Montrose," "Geraldine," "Josephine," "Mignon," and all the rest of the JOURNAL'S quaintly *nom-de-plumed* galaxy, and although I have no time to waste on nonsense, and generally feel that I must condemn it, yet I really enjoyed "Mignon's" late Leap Year parody of Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," and hope he may see it, as it may encourage him to leave another "foot-print upon the sands of time," in the form of another grand poem susceptible of as many variations as this, one we all love so well. "Mignon" says:

"Lives of married folks remind us
We can make our lives as well,
And departing leave behind us,
Such examples as shall tell."

O, yes, its all true! We had it illustrated by another suicide here in our small city a few days ago, not a deaf old bachelor for whom nobody cared this time; but a *married man,* who, in the days of courtship, was a model of devotion. Why, long ago, when my eyes were as bright as the brightest, I saw the girl whom he adored go to sleep in church one sultry Sabbath evening. He, instead of getting mad at her undignified betrayal of weariness and stalking shamfully away leaving her to go home alone or find other company, politely waited for her to awake, and as she continued to sleep even after nearly all of the congregation had departed, went to her, gently recalled her to consciousness and escorted her home.

When, soon afterwards, they were married, it was the dear old story over again—love and happiness. But in due time, they discovered there was less of perfect compatibility between them than they had imagined. Quarrels and recriminations grew more and more frequent as the years passed away. Finally, one Monday morning early, he arose and was seen about his store by a neighbor, then he was missing. A few hours later, report came to our city that the body of a man corresponding to him in description, had been picked up some twenty miles down the Mississippi River by a Float, and had been interred. Then the suddenly widowed woman took a ride on the cars. There was a disinterment, an identification, and with the corpse of the man she had vowed to love and honor, she returned to her home; ordered the digging of a grave, opened her house to those of her friends who cared to attend the funeral, and when the last rite was performed, returned to her home to wonder at leisure just when and where her husband, whom the officiating, with the full endorsement of all our business men, declared was an honest man, respected by all who knew him, took the fatal plunge, why his body did not sink, and perchance, grieve bitterly for all the rest of her mortal life, because she had not oftener given the "soft answer" which "turneth away wrath."

So, gentlemen, when you conclude it really is not good for men to be alone, and in compliance with your gay friend's advice, "take heart and court." Remember that as in this case, and that of the immortalized "Johnny Sands," Cupid's golden bands that seem so light at first, may grow heavy as iron fetters ere the hair is gray; and you merry girls, when you grow cheeky enough to propose to the man you think so thoroughly perfect, so altogether infallible, just reflect that he, being human, may do as other men have done—treat you as other women have been treated—then if after thoroughly digesting that thought, you truly, honestly, heartily, feel that suffering *with him,* will be easier to bear than separation *from him,* why, go ahead; but when the romance wears off, when hard work or sickness makes you plainer and less amiable, if he sometime taunts you with your baldness and bluntly says, "I never would have married you if you had not begged me to do it," don't expect a great deal of sympathy from those of your sex, who prefer to accord men the prerogative of matrimonial proposing.

ANGIE FULLER.

SAVANNAH, ILL., AUG. 6, '80,

THE NATIONAL CONVENTION.

CUT THIS OUT AND PASTE IT IN YOUR HAT.

THE FIRST NATIONAL CONVENTION OF DEAF-MUTES WILL MEET AT THE



OHIO,

On the 25th of August, 1880.

The following hotels will entertain members of the Convention at the rates named:

Gibson House, Walnut St., bet. 4th & 5th Sts.,	$2.50 per day.
St. James Hotel, 4th St. bet. Maine and Sycamore,	$2.00 "
Galt House, Cor. 6th and Main Sts.,	$1. to $1.25
Reid's Hotel, 4th St. bet. Plum and Race, (without board, 75 cts,)	$1.50 "
Walnut St. House, between 6th & 7th Sts.	$1.50 "

These are all centrally located, and within easy access of the hall by street cars.

The Gibson House is a first-class hotel, one of the best in the city.

The St. James Hotel and Walnut St. House are very good ones, the other two are as good as any of their class. "You pays your money and you takes your choice."

There are many other hotels, but these are the only ones the Committee have made special arrangements with so far. As soon as other arrangements are made, they will be announced in the JOURNAL.

Any information concerning Hotels, routes, etc., can be obtained by enclosing stamp and addressing R. P McGregor, 533 E. Rich St., Columbus, O., or J. K. T. Hoagland, 714 Main St., Covington, Ky.

R. P. MCGREGOR,
A. F. WOOD,
J. K. T. HOAGLAND, } *Local Committee.*

CINCINNATI, O., May 31, 1880.

(Explanation of Cut: The large building on the left and at top of cliff is the Bellevue House. The next building on the right is the engine house, and below can be seen the inclined Railroad with car ascending. Further to the right and in the distance, is the park or garden where the Deaf-Mute Picnic was held on the 12th of July. Below is a nearer view of the garden, terrace and part of the city.)

Politics in the Silent World.

To the Editor of the St. Louis Republican:

A vote taken among the male adults at the deaf-mutes' picnic of Monday last, exhibits the following result: Hancock, 31; Garfield, 4; Weaver, 1. The accuracy of these statistics may be attested by any of those present; why, for returning boards are unknown in this Democratic State. The Democracy of Missouri should congratulate itself on the circumstance that its "children of silence" are not below a level with the rest of the community in which they live, in politics as well as in education, and the Legislature ought to be more liberal hereafter in the way of biennial appropriations to the State Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, at Fulton. The only thing to be feared from the publication of these presidental figures, is that the irrepressible *Globe-Democrat* may use its manysided "tow-line" to deprecate the utility of our *Alma Mater;* but, of course, the efforts in this direction by the original nurse of the unwieldly Grant boom which has come to grief at Chicago, will be of no avail as long as the Legislature is Democratic, and may it be so forever for the sake of Missouri's greatness and prosperity!

Talking of the Legislature in this way, reminds me of an exhibition given before the general assembly at Jefferson City, by a party of pupils from the Fulton School, which took place during the Chamberlain-Hampton controversy, in the winter of 1876-7. One of the Solons, who had been all the while thinking of nothing but politics, at last rose and put the question to one of the scholars, "Who is now Governor of South Carolina?" His answer was that he had a belief in common with a majority of the people in the legal election of the gallant commander of the noted "Hampton legion," to the Governorship of the Palmetto State, was a signal for thunders of applause with hands and feet, such as no stnmp orator has ever elicited.

Political statistics from various colleges, as published in the New York *World* last winter, show that the students of the National Deaf-Mute College at Washington, the highest and foremost institution of learning for mutes on the face of the globe, are divided about equally in politics, 51 per cent. being Democrats, and 49 per cent. Republicans. The nearness of the college to the scene of the Credit Mobilier scandal and the De Golyer exploits, is certainly unfavorable to the rise of the Garfield boom, notwithstanding he has always been such a firm and stanch friend of the college, and has occasionally employed a student belonging therein to translate French publications on finance and other political themes into the dame tongue, for his own benefit. Often, when campaigns are waxing warm in doubtful States and close congressional districts, calling forth the entire strength of both the contesting parties to the polls, the collegians residing in them would go home in a body to vote for their respective candidates at the expense of Republican or Democratic Committees located at the capital.

I know of the three most prominent mutes of Chicago, one of them being an author of some note, and now superintendent of deaf-mute day schools at that "noisy village on the lake," and the other two editing the Chicago *Letter,*—heretofore Republicans—who have signified their intention of voting for Hancock and English on the sole ground that the Republican ticket is simply composed of absurd inconsistencies—Garfield in intimate friendship with the great party reformer, Hayes, and at the same time, affiliating too much with the machine element of the party, as well as, according to the New York *Evening Post* (Rep.), a theoretical free-trader but a protectionist in practice; and Arthur, who claims that the principles of civil service reform had been working out in his office long before Hayes issued his famous civil-service order No. 1, and yet was kicked out of the position for his very disobedience to the order. Consistency ("O! thou art a jewel") is one of the many virtues possessed by the party that is, by the logic of political reasons and forces, to occupy the executive as well as the legislative department at Washington March 4th next.

When a bill for the establishment of the National Deaf-Mute College was pending in congress, Gen. Butler, in a speech opposing the bill, invariably called the mute a "half-man." Well, during the late gubernatorial race between Long and Butler, one of the cleverest students at the National College, hailing from Boston, wrote to the latter offering his vote if he would defray his travelling expenses, and all this only on the condition that his vote should not be reduced to half its value and power. The spoony general, with his characteristic wiliness, declined the offer with thanks, remarking that he could get fifteen more votes in Massachusetts with the same amount of money that would have transferred but one vote from Washington, and ending his letter with the assurance that by the present close contest he could not well afford to stand too strictly on his own theory in dividing by two the votes of mutes in his state who might vote for him, to the prejudice of his chances for the governorship of the Bay State. Only an illustration of his character as a mandarin of the political world.

Another instance will demonstrate equality in the art of verbal retaliation with our "more fortunate brethren." There is a well founded tradition, preserved with local pride at "Kendall Green," (the site of the beautiful silent college), but without the known name of the modest hero, that he went up to the palatial residence of Gen. Butler on Capitol hill, and sent a card worded in this manner; "'Half-Man'—wants to see 'Beast Butler' on business." This is a splendid chance to fulfil that well-known old saying: "Misery loves company," but I can't tell you any more, as the curtain falls just at this stage of the story. As Madame Rumor hath it, the hero is nothing short of Prof. Draper, who has been born and bred in Yankeedom and was then a student.

A few days before the assembling of the Democratic nominating convention at Cincinnati, there happened to be a bevy of petty statesmen in the old reading-room discussing the probable nominations. One was asked as to whom he would like best to see nominated. "My first choice is"—he was apparently for a second or two at a loss how to spell correctly, and, finally the name of the "noblest Roman of them all" flew off the tips of his fingers in the shape of "Brayard." A wicked bystander, who was of the opposite political persuasion, and whose head was evidently infested with asinine things, at once added, "Bray-hard," suggesting it to be a realization of the Democratic ass, which has been talked of for ages. Now suppose Gen. Hancock were not a candidate and the Delaware senator nominated in his stead, don't you think, Mr. Editor, that "Bray hard for Bayard" would make a formidable campaign cry and be the one calculated to drown all the Garfield hurrahs, create enthusiasm as in the days of old Harrison's cider campaign, and sweep the whole country like a hurricane? We, however, ought to content ourselves with the form of Hancock's name; the incarnation of the latter syllable of which we will see in November high on a pole crowing over the great Democratic victory—loudly enough to wake up from his consecrated grave the war-worn Gen. Winfield Scott, who would be overwhelmed with joy at the sight of his namesake and former pet gracing the presidental chair he himself had failed to reach, and if his wife Mrs. Hen (or Han, the first syllable and "better half" of the surname) presiding in the dining hall of the White House and entertaining the whole nation at her winter levees with great dignity. Isn't Hancock a name, too, prophetic of success? Yours Democratically,

GEORGE T. DOUGHERTY.

ST. LOUIS, August 4, 1880.

The Chinese have a proverb to the effect that if you keep a serpent in a bamboo it remains straight, but directly you let it out, it resumes its crooked nature. So it is with many men. They are placed in circumstances which act as a restraint.

N. E. G. A. CONVENTION.

At the request of many, and by consent of a majority of the Board of Directors of the Association, it has been decided to open the Convention ONE DAY EARLIER THAN AT FIRST PROPOSED, which will be Monday, **September 6th;** and the Boston Deaf-Mute Society, actuated by a desire to do all they can to promote unity and good feeling among the mutes, intend to have three Religious Union Services, Sunday, September 5th, at which some prominent mutes of New England will address those present, and it is desired that all who propose to attend the Convention will endeavor to be present on Sunday, at their services.

Arrangements have been made with the following named Hotels in Boston, Mass., for the accommodation of the mutes attending the Convention. The United States Hotel, opposite the Boston and Albany R.R. Depot, a first class hotel, $2.00 per day, when two persons occupy one bed. Two dollars and fifty cents for each person in single rooms. The Adams House, on Washington St., $2.00 per day. These two hotels are on the American plan, furnishing board and lodging, and the horse cars are constantly passing the doors for all parts of the city. The International Hotel, Washington St., $1.00 per day for rooms. The Sherman House, Court Square, 50 cents for each person, where two occupy one bed, and seventy-five cents and one dollar for single rooms. These two houses are on the European plan. Good accommodations for ladies can be had at the Young Ladies Christian Association Rooms, a short distance from the Hall, for $1.00 per day, which includes meals and lodging, and the Superintendent will accomodate all she can.

RAIL ROADS AND STEAMBOATS.

The Bangor (Me.) boats will give free return tickets. The Portland boats will require full fare to Boston, ($1.50) and a return ticket for 50 cts. can be had by applying to the Committee on Railroads and Steamboats at the Convention. So it will be seen that those who want to avail themselves of the reduction, should gather at these points.

The Boston and Providence Railroad will give free return tickets to any point on that road. Apply to the Committee on Railroads for them.

The Eastern, Boston and Maine, and Lowell Railroads decline to enter into any arrangements, and it is suggested by the Committee that mutes wishing to come by these routes, meet at some point and endeavor to get some reduction there.

The Boston and Albany Railroad will sell tickets at Springfield to go to Boston and return, for $3.90, and from Pittsfield, for $6. Those coming from Worcester will be obliged to make some arrangements at that point.

New York and New England Railroads will issue free return tickets from Norwich, Hartford, Conn., and other points. The Norwich line from New York to Boston, will sell return tickets for $4, if a sufficient number, say 25, comes by that route.

Old Colony Railroad will furnish free tickets between Boston and Fall River, if 25 come by that line, and probably to other points.

So far, this is the best that can be done. If any changes are made, or any additional facilities are obtained, they will appear in the next issue, August 26th.

Any further information can be had by addressing Henry White, 27 Avon Place, Boston Highlands, Mass. (Committee on Hotels and Rail Roads) enclosing a stamp or a postal card for a reply.

N. B.—Our readers will please notice particularly this notice from week to week, as some changes may be made in the arrangements.

The convention will be held in Chandler Hall, Essex street, No. 18, a short distance from Washington street.

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